No. 212 (New Series), Vol. 5. April 11, 1936

The PASSING SHOW 2D.

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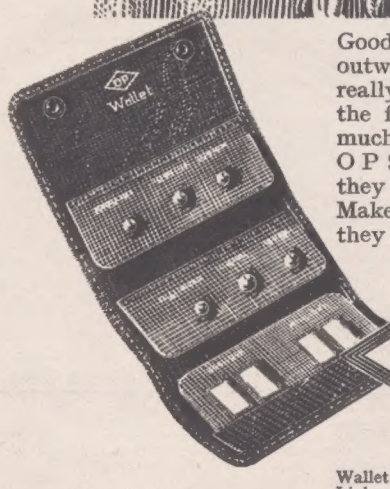

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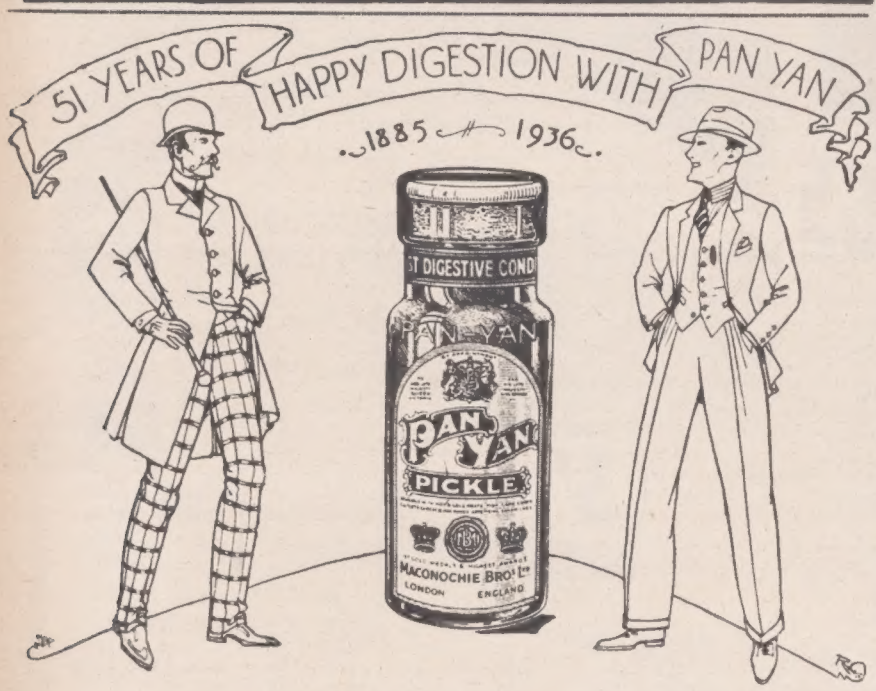

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The PASSING SHOW
No. 212. Vol. 5 APRIL 11, 1936

I *set the* Films *on* FIRE!

"Now—shoot up along the water towards the man on top—then along the stream of water to the flames . . ."

The News-Reel Man Thinks Aloud

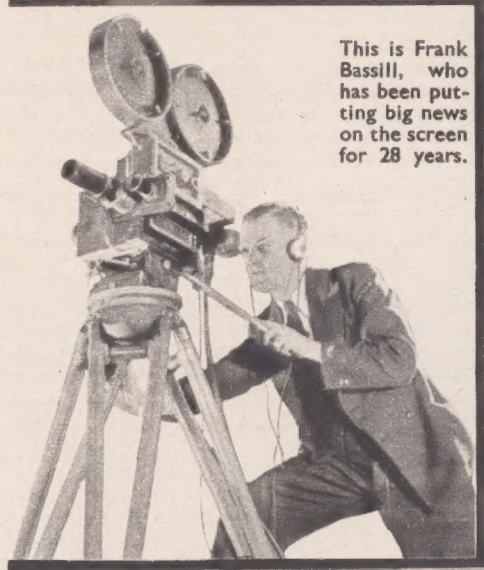
The moment that big news breaks, the moment that anything unusual or exciting occurs, the news-reel man is on his way to get a picture. He is the reporter of the cinema—and he must bring back something even if it means risking his neck to get it.

For this, the first article in a new "Thinking Aloud" series, Murray Smith has chosen one of the best-known men in the film industry. He is

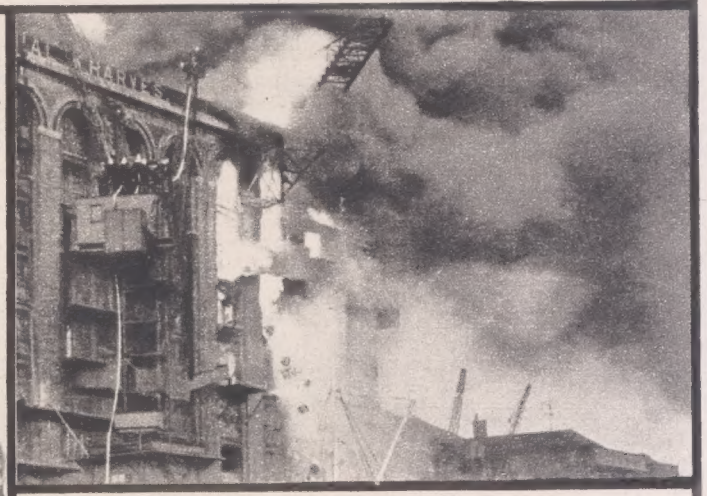
FRANK BASSILL

Ace Cameraman of the Pathé Gazette, who has been taking news-reel pictures for twenty-eight years. Frank Bassill and Murray Smith have been out "on the job" together; and this article gives you a glimpse into the mind of Bassill when he is working on a big fire—as interpreted by J. Murray Smith.

Note: For modern news-reel pictures the picture is often taken without sound, the appropriate noises and running commentary being added afterwards. In this case Frank Bassill used a silent camera.



This is Frank Bassill, who has been putting big news on the screen for 28 years.



"Another second the main part of the wall'll come down. What a din . . . fumes—choking me. . . ."

"Good—the reflection of the fire on the water . . . then, jump for it!"

"HI, taxi! *Taxi!*"

Here's one—new one, too. Looks a little faster than most of them. . .

"Know this place?—that's right—just off the East India Dock Road. All right! Fast as you can . . ."

Get inside. Talk to him through the partition. Saves time. That's it—camera in the corner, case on the seat, stand just there. Now then . . .

"Listen, cabby. Take any chance you can—my job's to get there. There'll be a big crowd, I expect; but get as near as you can . . ."

Phew! No sooner in the office to-day than out again. Seems a pretty good outbreak by the sound of it. District call, eh . . . that means whole streets blocked with engines and escapes, police cordons and heaven knows what.

Just check up on equipment—sure to be O.K., though—damn these lights—ah, good—we're away. He's taking the Embankment. Best way, should say. Now . . . Film already loaded . . . full spool in case . . . lenses . . . yes, everything as it should be.

Hullo! What's that, over there across the river? Like a fog—holy mackerel! Must be the smoke pall. This certainly seems to be a fire. Not nearly there yet, either.

Lemme see, how's that smoke drifting? If it spreads across the river it'll make shooting difficult. From that angle anyway. Come on, come on!—they'll have put the fire out and rebuilt the building before we get there.

This looks a bit better. Too much market traffic to make real headway though. See if he can be bucked up.

"Hi, cabby! This the best you can do? That's better. Put your foot down, man, and if you get stopped at the lights turn left through Fry Street—but *hurry!*"

My word, but this looks interesting. "Great Wharf Blaze"—that's the story. Biggest in years, should say.

"All right, old man, you did well. Drop me here."

Stand, under arm; camera and case—*so*.

"What? Oh, keep the change."

How to get through this lot, that's the problem. Try this side turning; may not be so thick in there.

Must be ten million people here! Must get through somehow. Get that stand above their heads—hang on to the camera—now then!

"Just a moment, there—thanks, old man—gangway, please, heavens, nearly winded already . . .

"Thank you, thanks—do you mind, madam—oh, nuts!—I've gotter get through—now then, out of it . . ."

"Same to you, if you want it that way——" That's better; he *was* a decent chap, anyway.

"Thanks a lot—just a moment while I get this case through—that's grand . . ."

Well, there she burns. And there's the old fire chief himself. That's a bit of luck. He knows me all right—yes, he's nodding.

"How do, chief? Shall I be in the way there—say, on that truck? Good. Thank you, chief."

Chap who unhitched his horse here did me a good turn too. Well, get that stand up. That's it. Now, a heave and we're on. Huh! Might have known it would be something like this . . . lime, or something . . . and a good pair of pants ruined!

Can't help that now. Put the camera there—on the carter's seat. Won't fall, and out of the filth. Now, the stand. Bang here in the middle's about best—so. That's more or less—level—no—now. Thank heaven for quick-release nuts. Camera—so.

(*Continued on page* 6)

Continuing I *set the* FILMS *on* FIRE!

Now, the case. Reach it nicely from here. Wide-angle lens, for this broad view. Get as much as possible at the start, anyway. That's it. Focus up, good and clean.

"All set! Right, turn her over!"

Queer, that habit of ordering myself. Worst of getting used to having the lads around. What's that? Ah, a bit of roof falling in—swivel a little to bring that into view . . .

Holy smoke! Oh, a policeman. What on earth does he want, now . . . oh, to move this wagon.

"Where to, officer? What, into that yard?"

Yes, that's good. It'll be a better angle from there. Take a chance—he may agree—be polite.

"Certainly, officer. Very good idea. Do you mind if I and my gear go with it? Oh, thanks, that's splendid."

Gracious, he fell for it. Here we go, then. Hang on to that camera—*quick*. Phew. Thought it was going to topple over, for a moment. That's the worst of a volunteer movement—always too spontaneous. How the crowd love anything like this—the chance to lend a hand. Never felt like a charioteer before in my life, or a native chief with slaves to drag his carriage. . . .

Well, that's very neat. Could never have got this view without the wagon—shouldn't have seen over that wall. Turn her over, again, still with the wide angle . . .

Hark at the crowd! Never heard such roars of —what on earth is it? Can't be because—my God, there's a woman up there. A cleaner, perhaps, or a warehouse worker. Here comes an escape—*get that.*

The old chief himself in charge. That means slick work—must get a better angle, now. Would it—yes, it would be—just possible to get in that window and up the stairs. Sure to be another one somewhere above with a command of the street. Case, Camera—quick release under arm—stand—*now then!*

Gosh, if I'd missed that I'd have broken my leg at least. Hullo, here's a man—but he's friendly . . .

"Yes, that's right, old chap. News-reel—what, the fourth floor? Thanks, you're a sport . . ."

Round . . . and round . . . and round. The *weight* of this stuff! Who'd have this rotten job . . . oh, heavens, how many more stairs. Stitch in the side, pain in the head. Strap of this case feels like a strait-jacket. Third floor. Up again—can only do two at a time—now.

Here we are—and there's the escape, already in position. Camera on stand, so. General view, first, with the one-five-eight lens. Real wide-angle stuff, this. Everything in from this angle—windows belching fire, walls blackening, sky darkening, fire-engines in the street, police cordon, thousands of people, tightly massed.

Enough of that. Now, the twelve-inch—come out, you brute!—to pick out some detail. There she is, at the end window—ah, in a nightdress. That's why she's still inside. Must have been asleep when they gave the alarm. Caretaker's wife, probably.

Get this telescopic lens trued up. Too much weight in the thing to risk it falling off. Yes, get it all from here. Expression on her face and everything. She looks frantic—what's she going to do—jump?

Escape reaches right to her window. Swing round and follow the man up—that's it. Now back to the woman—she's swaying—*gone!* Fainted and fallen backwards, that's it. He's up, now—darn sight faster than I came up those stairs, and getting over the sill. Lovely shot, this. Lovely. Here he comes, and he's got her. Anyone'd think she weighed a couple of pounds, the way he lifts her.

Wonder if I dare lean out of this window a bit more. Good. Follow them all the way down. Past—the—third—floor—second—first—and there comes the ambulance. She seems to be out of the running—case of shock, more likely than not. There's the stretcher—and she's on it in a moment. Ah, she's stirring. Not badly hurt, anyway. Good, she's smiling—nice human touch—at the man who brought her down, too.

Take in the crowd now, quickly. They're cheering enough to fan the flames! Reminds me—the fire's not out by any means. Glad the taxi got here fast—would have missed the rescue, otherwise.

Anything else possible from here? Think not. Just the flooded street, perhaps. Yes, a few feet of that—so. Lemme see—the way the flames are blowing the other way it must be fiercer around on the river side. That's the move, then.

Ah, here's the lift. Very convenient.

"Very kind of you to come up, old man. Yes, got some fine pictures from your window. Your stairs nearly killed me, though. Yes, I know, but I couldn't wait for the lift. Here we are, thanks. Not at all—I'm used to carrying them."

Now, where are we? Ah, there's that courtyard, with the wagon still there; and I'm in the side street. Might slip along here, between the engines and the wall, without being stopped. What's that fireman want? Something likely to fall? Well, that's too bad. Keep going, though.

Here's the wharf—and more firemen, hoses and engines. No crowd here, though. Police must be holding them back at all the entrances. Now, how to get a picture. Impossible from this point. Sky black with smoke, anyway, and horrible, treacly stuff at that. No depth, either. No distance to move back. No nothing. Damn!

Half a mo'! What about those barges. Get across them, out to the farthest one. That'd be beyond the fire-float—provide a good action shot. Glad someone thought of trying them up this way, side by side . . .

Not so easy as it looked. Nasty drop between each one—and the water's cold. Lose all the equipment if I fell in . . .

Never knew barges could be so useful. Don't like the way they're rolling, though—must be the wash of that steamer going up-river. Just one more, now. But it's loaded—and too low in the water. Better stay on this one. Where? On this hatchway, should do. Now then.

Get the stand level, first. Good, the rolling's stopped. Take a glance at the spirit—can't trust your eye in a place like this. Still, that's all right—dead level all ways.

Now, camera—and wide angle lens. Not much light, darn it. Hullo, that float's moving along—shows the strip of water between here and the wharf. Good—the reflection of fire on the water—that's it.

Funny thing. Blowing like an old man a second ago. Now, the moment I start cranking hand's as steady as a rock. Still a bit winded, though—what with those stairs, struggling through the crowd and jumping across these barges.

Now, gently back. Mustn't lose atmosphere. Easy to do when you're on a different level. Mustn't make the fire recede. That's it—working up from the reflection to the actual flames. Just a minute to spare—do it again, slowly.

Hullo, more shouting. What is it this time? My word, they're going to move the barges! Quick release, under arm with the camera, up with the stand. Jump for it . . . *one* . . . gap just widening . . . *two* . . . my word, I'm tired . . . *three* . . . how many more confounded barges to cross . . . *four* . . . huh, nearly went down the hold of that one . . . *five* . . . here we are, jump for it.

Feeling—a bit—warm. The old heart's pumping too hard. Used to do that sort of thing with ease, too. Ah, well.

That makes three—no, four—angles. Two of them fairly good; but nothing actually *telling* yet. Wonder where the thing's at its worst. Round the other side, probably, the way the wind's blowing. The engines seem concentrated on that side.

Well, up with the goods. Must get a bit of padding for this shoulder strap—darned case seems heavier every time.

My word, there's a lot of water about. They must be pouring millions of gallons into this place —and it's big enough to hold a dozen swimming pools. Just a second—get those crates floating. Stand about here—camera—that's it—and turn her over with the four-inch lens. Not sure about that. Light's terrible but the glow may have helped enough.

Water over the ankles, darn it. Forgot to bring some stilts! Wife'll have something to say. Always get a job like this when I've new shoes on.

Pity about these shoes, in particular—they fit nicely and—heavens above, what's happening here? Why, the whole roof'll go in any moment, by the look of it—and then the wall'll come down. My word, that's a *picture*.

Can't get away behind those engines. Won't see a thing from here. Go forward—well in front. That's the place—as long as the policeman doesn't try to do his duty.

Place the stand—carefully, now. Lock the camera—so. Four-inch lens. Now—shoot up along the water-tower to the man on top—then along the stream of water—that's it—to the flames. Can imagine old Roy doing the commentary—"into the heart of the raging inferno"—that's the stuff.

Take that again. Trace the length of the tower—up—up—and—over the man—to—the—fire.

Good.

Now move in a little closer. My word, it's too hot here. Hope that wall doesn't come down just yet—it'll spoil the camera. Now, straight along the side of the building—showing the way—she—bulges.

Gosh! Sweat in my eyes. Can't see properly. *Know* this is good angle, though—know it!

Can—just—hold on—another—minute. Keep cranking steadily—easy—that's it. Heavens, this heat. Throat feels awful—but what a picture. Just time perhaps, to change to the twelve-inch and pick out *detail* . . .

That's it. Sling case back over the old shoulder —that feels right—and turn her over again. Should show the bricks crumbling and smoke seeping through. What a fire story! What if there should be——

What's that? They're moving the engines. There's a policeman running round in circles! Has he gone mad? Who's he waving to? Surely not *another*—my word, he means me!

What's the hurry? The wall won't come down yet. Still, get the goods together. Now boy, this is where we *run* . . .

Hear the roar of it! Crashing and crumbling. Hope we've got a sound track to shove the noise in. Don't like the way these lumps of brick keep falling all around. Better give way a little more, rather than lose what I've got already.

Wish that policeman would stop signalling like a tic-tac man. Can't hear a word he says, anyway. If he waves much more he'll distract my attention. Hope he doesn't arrest me, though.

He won't come here to do it, anyway. Another second and the main part of the wall'll come down. All ready for it—it shouldn't come out as far as this . . .

See they've put the water towers well back. Can't judge distance much with all this smoke and steam. Six-inch lens should do the trick nicely. Funny, having the skin burnt off your face and your feet nearly frozen.

That's it—the start of it. Swear the wall swayed. Start cranking—slowly, steadily—now.

Turn her steadily, smoothly. Can't be more than a few seconds, now . . . not like waiting for a big moment in a Test Match, wasting thousands of feet . . . no, there it comes. Keep—mouth shut—can't help the noise—keep cranking—heavens, this is terrible . . .

What a din. Must be almost deafened. Fumes—choking—reach for handkerchief with left hand——

Too much smoke to do any more. Grab that stand. Camera. Case and *Run*—never mind the muck and water—damn the spray—get out of it—get clear!

So that's what they mean by holy smoke! That lot must have purified me. Head's splitting, eyes watering. Everything's complete, though—and the stuff's taken. Now the *real* worry begins—how will it turn out.

Don't like the look of that policeman—he's the one who nearly went frantic trying to call me back. Better keep that appointment with the office . . . won't be much more to see, or shoot, to-day . . .

Crowd's thicker than ever. Not easy getting out —but must try—that policeman——

"Excuse me, please—thank you—thank you. Can I come through, please—quickly—thank you—gangway there——"

Don't think he'll follow me, anyway. And now to see what this looks like on the screen.

"Hi, Taxi! Taxi!"

Another "Thinking Aloud" article will appear in an early issue.

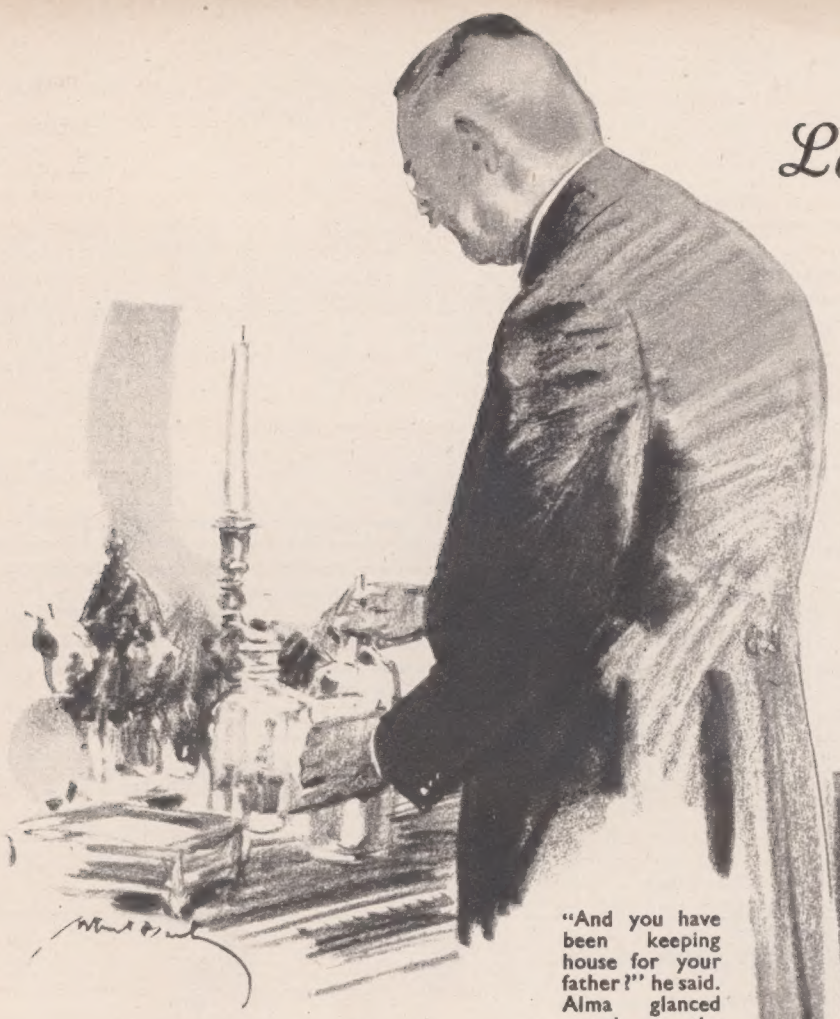
Next Week

SAVARAN

"THE BLADE *Again*
of
THE SPEAR" *is the title of this splendid romance by* Douglas Newton.

Long Complete Thriller

by WILL SCOTT



"And you have been keeping house for your father?" he said. Alma glanced round at the doctor.

No Evidence

ILLUSTRATED BY ALBERT BAILEY

THE house was lonely and a long way from the station. They must have been driving for fifteen minutes at least before they passed through the tall iron gates. It seemed very quiet and still. But, of course, it was night, and not a good night either. In the summer it was probably all very delightful. She was a lucky girl, anyway. If it came off.

The chauffeur opened the door and led her into an old-fashioned room, pleasantly furnished, and with a cheerful fire burning in the grate. He promised to tell Dr. Fleming at once, and left her.

For five minutes she looked at magazines, arranged her hair, powdered her nose and looked at magazines again. Then a door opened softly and a middle-aged man with close-cropped hair and glasses of unusual thickness stood looking at her, smiling. He wore an old frock coat, antiquated in cut and shiny, a little, at the seams. A grim-looking man, but he smiled pleasantly enough as he closed the door.

"Ah, how do you do? You are Miss Alma Grey, of course. I am Dr. Fleming. My wife will be down in a few moments."

They talked weather and the polite inanities of the newly-met. His accent was thick, foreign; and Alma found herself looking at him when he was not looking at her.

"Of course, you are really my wife's department, you know. I am afraid I know nothing about domestic arrangements, nor ever did. But Mrs. Fleming seems highly pleased with you from your letters."

"My one letter," Alma corrected him.

"One, was it? I am never clear about such things."

"Mrs. Fleming did not say in her letter who was the friend who recommended me to her. I am at a loss to understand who it could be."

"Ah, there only Mrs. Fleming herself can help you." The doctor stood in front of the fireplace, thrust his shoulders back and lit a long cigarette. "Miss Alma Grey. A very sweet name, if I may say so. I knew a family named Grey many years ago. I suppose they would be quite different people. This was in Dorset."

"My people come from Suffolk," Alma informed him.

"Suffolk? I see." Dr. Fleming nodded. "You know, I have not a quick ear for accents, Miss Grey, but I would have put you down as of American extraction."

She smiled.

"As a matter of fact, we did live in America for some years when I was young. We were in Rhode Island."

"Rhode Island?" Dr. Fleming pulled a chair round and made himself comfortable beside the fire. "I knew Rhode Island well. Very well. . . ."

They talked America for some minutes, until Alma Grey glanced significantly at the clock on the wall.

"You are anxious about the time, Miss Grey?" the doctor inquired.

"I was wondering what would happen if I were to miss the last train back to town."

"There is my car. Carl could take you all the way."

"But wouldn't that be late?"

"Your mother will be wondering about you, you mean? Presently you shall telephone."

"My——" Alma Grey looked up and stopped.

"I beg your pardon?"

"My mother died when I was quite little."

"I am so sorry." Dr. Fleming rose and mixed himself drink. "And you have been keeping house for your father?"

It was an unusual question, so unusual that Alma Grey glanced round at the doctor. But if he had at the moment another interest than whisky, his stolid back did not show it.

"Why, no. I explained in my letter to Mrs. Fleming. I have been a governess in London for two years."

"I did not understand." The doctor returned to the fireplace and gazed into the depths of his glass. "But as a father myself, may I be permitted to sympathise with yours? To stay at home in the little nest in the country after the birds have flown. . . . Ah! We teach them to fly, but when they have gone—the loneliness!" He sipped his drink and went on: "Ah well, there are worse backgrounds for a peaceful old age, lonely though it may be, than some beautiful little village in Suffolk."

Alma Grey sat motionless, her cheeks slowly paling.

"It would be nice, would it not, Miss Grey," Dr. Fleming resumed, "if you were to remain with us and in the summer time I sometimes drove you over to your father's little cottage in Suffolk with grapes from the greenhouse here and other little gifts. A pleasant ride——"

"But—but I did not say my father lived in Suffolk, Dr. Fleming."

Alma Grey's voice was nervously unsteady. She was not looking at Dr. Fleming, though he was looking at her.

"I beg your pardon. I talk too much and listen not well enough, I am afraid. I apologise. Where *did* you say?"

"I—I did not say anywhere."

She looked round now, and their eyes met. Alma was the first to look away; then Dr. Fleming calmly turned and pressed a bell beside the fireplace.

After a pause that was the stillest thing in her life, Alma asked:

"Do you think Mrs. Fleming will be long?"

"I have rung to inquire."

"Thank you."

A door opened and a man entered, a man with a face like a mask, the colour of a mask. He entered without a sound and did not speak. From his bearing and his clothes, Alma guessed him to be some kind of manservant.

"Max," said Dr. Fleming, "tell Mrs. Fleming that Miss Grey is waiting."

Max bowed. And Alma was only too glad to take her eyes off him when the doctor next spoke.

"Let me see. What were we talking about?"

Noiselessly Max passed behind Alma's chair and

(*Continued on page* 8)

Continuing No Evidence

went to the outer door. Noiselessly he turned the key and took it out.

"Something. I forget. My mind wanders. . . . Well, what is it, Max?"

Max presented the key.

"Oh yes. Thank you."

Max bowed again and went out of the room.

"Of course," said Dr. Fleming. "Your father's little home in the country. That's what we were talking about."

"No!" cried Alma Grey suddenly, springing to her feet.

"But surely?"

"Only—only *you* were talking about it." She picked up her bag from the table and backed a few paces from him.

"Be seated, I pray," Dr. Fleming said softly.

"I—I don't think I want to stay here, Dr. Fleming," murmured Alma Grey.

"No, Miss Grey?"

"I——"

Suddenly she was in a panic. Without another word she turned and ran—ran to the outer door, gripped the knob and turned it, pulled, let out a low cry and turned.

"This door has been locked!"

Dr. Fleming, smiling, held up the key.

"Ah!" he said quietly. "That must have been Max!" And calmly he tucked the key into his waistcoat pocket.

Again Alma Grey took flight, this time to that other door through which Max had gone.

But this second door, too, was locked.

Breathless, Alma leaned back against the door.

"Will you let me out of this house at once?"

"You are anxious to return to your dear father, Miss—Price?" Dr. Fleming inquired amiably.

Alma's fingers, pressed to her cheek, dug deep into the flesh. Her eyes showed horror. Her mouth was open; she was panting for breath.

"Hoffmann!" she gasped. "Hoffmann! After all these years!"

"At your service, my dear Alma." He bowed. "After all these years." And he moved.

"Don't come near me! Keep away from me!" she said hoarsely.

"A distressing first meeting, little Alma. Or—second? Yes, second. The first you will not remember. You were very small. It was the day your mother died." Carelessly he scattered ash on the carpet and his lips parted in an unpleasant grin. "But I see you have heard of me."

"Unlock that door!" Alma ordered. "Unlock that door at once or I will scream for help!"

Still grinning, Hoffmann shook his head.

"Oh, no. No, you will not, little Alma. The walls, the doors, even the windows are soundproof. And you must have noticed when you came here that the house is very lonely. You will not scream for help, little Alma, and I will not unlock the door."

"You beast!" the girl whispered. "What have we done to you? What did any of us ever do to you?"

Hoffmann returned to the consideration of the inside of his whisky glass.

"Have you ever been in love, little Alma? Once I was in love. I loved your mother. But you know that. Twenty years ago, in Rhode Island—at Providence. I loved your mother. And she hated Hoffmann. She told me so. *Laughed* at me. Laughed. . . ." He shook his head slowly. "Nobody laughs at Hoffmann twice. And so—she died."

"You killed her!"

"Did I, little Alma?"

"You killed her, Hoffmann! You know it! And father always knew it—although he could prove nothing."

"There was a doctor's certificate," Hoffmann reminded her.

"You killed her by fear—as quickly as you are killing him slowly!" Alma retorted. "And—and my brother. Fear! That's *your* way, Hoffmann! The way of a snake!"

Hoffmann put down his glass and seemed to stare back across the years.

"Your brother. Your little brother. I had almost forgotten him. But, of course, it is a long time ago. Yes, he died, too. And there was a doctor's certificate for him. As there will be soon for your dear father."

"You're mad!" Alma cried. "Mad! You always were."

"And you too—perhaps." Hoffmann's eyes still seemed fixed on those days long gone in Providence. "And then you'll *all* be gone. . . . I must make up my mind about you, little Alma. I might keep you to remind me of the others, and the dear days gone by. . . . Gone! She who did not love Hoffmann—and all who loved her. Gone! And Hoffmann will still be here." Suddenly he came back to the present. "I want your father's address."

"Never!"

"We will see. . . ."

He turned and again rang the bell beside the fireplace.

"Sit down. . . . Sit down, I say! You may as well. You will be here for a long time—unless I decide it shall be just a short time."

Weakly Alma groped for a chair and sat.

"You will pay for this, Hoffmann," she told him. "Somehow, somewhere, you will pay for this."

"Yes? Somehow? How?" he asked.

"I shall be expected home in an hour. When I do not return there will be inquiries."

"Delightful!"

"In my room is a letter addressed from this house. That letter will be found, Hoffmann."

"Of course it will, little Alma. But it is a letter from The Limes, Maxwell Park, and this is not Maxwell Park, nor is this house The Limes. You should have been more observant when you rode in the car from the station. Maxwell Park is many miles away. They may look for you there, and the best of luck to them!"

"I'll be traced here somehow," Alma said nervously.

She did not hear the door behind her open, did not see Max enter and stand, waiting.

"Traced here? No, little Alma, no. Never," said Hoffmann. "There is nothing to prove that you ever came here to-night. Nothing . . . . You understand?" Hoffmann's voice rose. "Where is your father?"

"Out of your reach, thank God!" replied Alma. "Where you shall never harm a hair of his head!"

"Where is your father?"

"I will not tell you! And nothing your mad brain may think of shall ever make me!"

"Answer me!" Suddenly Hoffmann's heavy hand flung out and struck her on the face.

"You coward!" she cried.

His heavy bulk towered over her, but she could not move. Behind was Max. . . .

"The name of this place in Suffolk where your father hides cringing from me."

"No!"

"The name of this place in Suffolk—tell me!"

"No, no!"

"But it is in Suffolk?"

"It isn't!"

"You are too late! You should have denied that five minutes ago."

Hoffmann gave a glance at Max, snapped his fingers and suddenly went out of the room. When he came back he carried a small book. The book he placed on the table. He switched on a table lamp, tilting the shade so that the light fell full on the face of Alma. Then he turned out the main lights, approached her and gripped her wrist.

"Let me go!" she begged.

"I am not going to hurt you—yet," said Hoffmann. "Look at me. *Look at me!*" He sat on the edge of the table and stared into her eyes. "The name of this place where your father hides begins with A."

"No," she answered.

"It begins with A."

"No!"

"B."

"No."

"C, D, E, F, G, H, I—— Ah!" Hoffmann's voice rose to a shout. "Your pulse leaps, little Alma! It begins with I."

"You're wrong! I swear you're wrong!"

"I listen to your pulse and not your lips! Give me the name."

"No!"

"Give me the name!"

"I will not! Let me go! For God's sake, let me get out of here!"

Hoffmann released her wrist, picked up the book and turned its pages. Through narrowed eyes he looked at her.

"A village, I think you said. Or didn't you?"

His finger ran down a closely-printed column. "Would it be Illington?"

"Find out!"

"Ingram Green?"

She did not answer.

"Instone?"

She looked away, her hands pressed to her temples.

A crafty look came into the eyes of Hoffmann. He closed the book and placed it on the table again.

"Instone!" he said.

"No," Alma declared, facing him.

"You know it is."

"It is not!"

"Give me your father's address."

She only stared at him.

"You hear me? It will make it shorter for him—and for you."

Alma's face flushed crimson with indignation.

"How dare you say that? Shorter! For twenty years you have haunted him, tortured him by the fear that what happened to my mother and my brother might one day happen to me. He does not fear for himself—only for me; and that fear has made him an old man before his years. He's younger than you, Hoffmann, but he's white, and he's old to look at, and you did it! You! By the evil of your mad brain! How dare you talk of making the agony shorter for him, after twenty years of torture? You loathsome beast! How dare you!"

"Keep your tongue still!" snarled Hoffmann.

"Not now, Hoffmann! You shall hear what I've

wanted you to hear ever since I was a little child and understood—understood why my father had to run like a hunted man, for my sake, across half the world; why, since those days, we have never had a home that was a real home; why we have had to pass under a name that was not our own—and hide, hide, hide from your rotten, diseased mind!"

"Be quiet, damn you!"

Hoffmann seized her by the hair and dragged her head back, as Max sprang forward, gripped her by the elbows and twisted them behind her back.

"Don't! *Don't!*" she sobbed.

"I'm talking here. You can answer, but I'll do the rest of it," said Hoffmann.

His clutching fingers fell away from her hair, but the pressure on her elbows remained.

"Now!" Hoffmann snapped. "When was the last time you saw your father?"

Speechless, her breath coming rapidly, she stared at him.

"Will you answer me?"

"No."

"You visit your father sometimes?"

"I don't."
"Don't lie to me!"
"I have not visited him for over a year."
"He visits you?"
Alma did not answer.
"Your father visits you in London?"

Still she did not answer and Hoffmann snapped his fingers. Behind her Max moved an inch and her arms began to turn as though the blood in them was flame.
"*Don't!*"
"Your father visits you in London?"
"Yes," she answered weakly.
"Often?"
She shook her head.
"Once a week? Once a month?"
"Not regularly."
"How often?"
"Oh, I don't know!"
"And he stays how long?"
Alma's head began to droop.
"He stays how long? A day? Two days?"
"No."
"How long?"
"Don't keep on repeating it!" she begged. "I can't stand it! Tell this man to let me go. I 'm going out of my mind, Hoffmann! You'll get nothing from me."
"I'll get an answer! And here you'll stay until I get it. For weeks—months. . . . In the *dark*."
"You're the foulest thing I've ever heard of!"
"How long does your father stay?"
Hoffmann glanced at Max, and the pain in Alma's arms grew more unendurable.
"How long?" Hoffmann snarled.
"Only a little while. An hour or two. Oh, don't! Let me go! Make him stop it!"
"Only a little while, you say—an hour or two. And then he goes straight back to Ipswich?"
Under the relentless questioning her strength seemed to sap away. Her eyes closed.
"Does he or doesn't he?" Hoffmann insisted.
"Yes."
"You're sure?"
"Yes."
"He goes straight home to Ipswich?"
"I've told you!"
"Ipswich!"
Suddenly her eyes opened.
"No!"
"The second trap you've walked into to-night, you young fool!" Hoffmann shouted in triumph. "That's what I wanted! Ipswich!"
"That's wrong!" sobbed Alma.
"You know it's right!" Hoffmann took a long, deliberate puff at his cigarette. "And so we get nearer—nearer. . . . What part of Ipswich? Answer me. What part of Ipswich? Look at me! Look at me and answer! Answer me! Answer me!"
He was quite close to her, his cigarette held out. "Answer me!" The glowing stub of the cigarette was not six inches from her face.
She closed her eyes.
"Answer me!"
"Oh, for pity's sake, don't!"
She screamed, a terrifying scream that brought no compassion into the eyes of her torturers. Her knees gave way and she sank to the floor.
"Ha!" laughed Hoffmann.
Max, doubtful, stooped to raise her, but Hoffmann snapped his fingers and pointed to the door.
Reluctantly Max went out, and when they were alone together, Hoffmann looked down at the girl.
"Get up! Get up at once when I tell you! Up!"
Limply Alma rose, not looking at him, and groping from chair to table, from table to chair, made her way to the fireplace, where she clung to the mantelshelf for support.
"Though you drop through weakness you shall not sit down again till I've had an answer," Hoffmann declared. "So come on!"
"What is it you want to know?" she asked lifelessly.
"I've told you!"

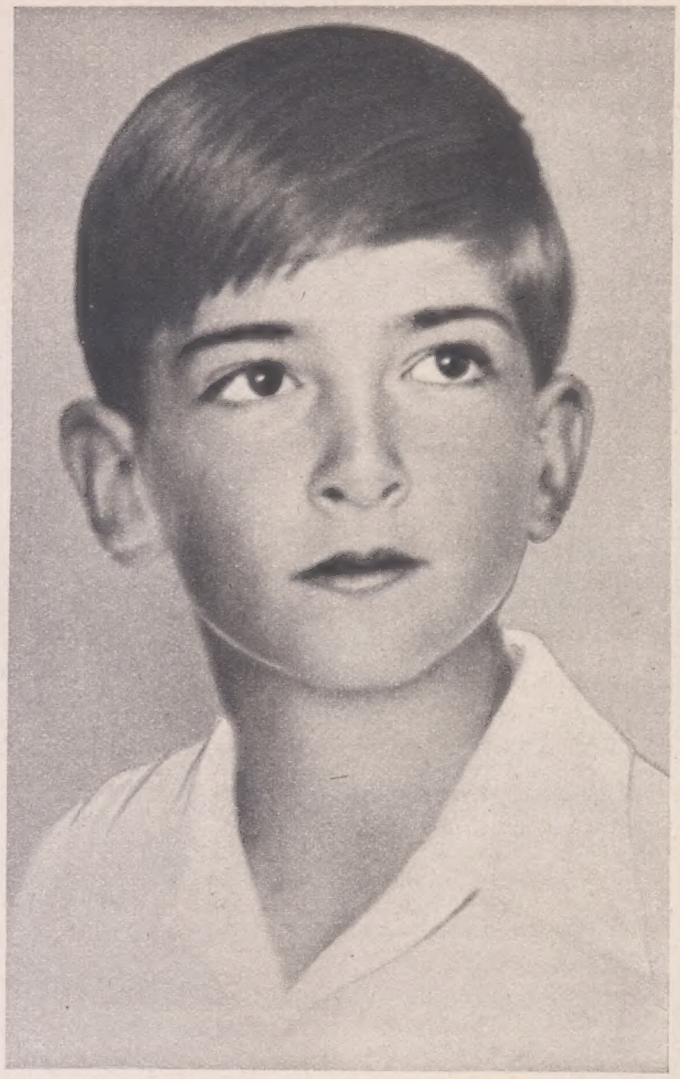
"I am not going to hurt you—yet" said Hoffman. "Look at me!"

Her hand stroked her brow.
"I've forgotten! Oh, I'm going mad!"
On the mantelpiece was a heavy ornament. She found her hand clutching it. She lifted it down.
"Put that down!" shouted Hoffmann. His hand flew to his pocket and out again. A pistol was pointed at her. "Put it down at once or I'll shoot it out of your hand! And that won't improve the look of your hand, my girl!"
The ornament dropped, smashed to a hundred pieces.
"And one more hint of rebellion from you and I'll shoot you anyhow, and find your father later. Come here!"

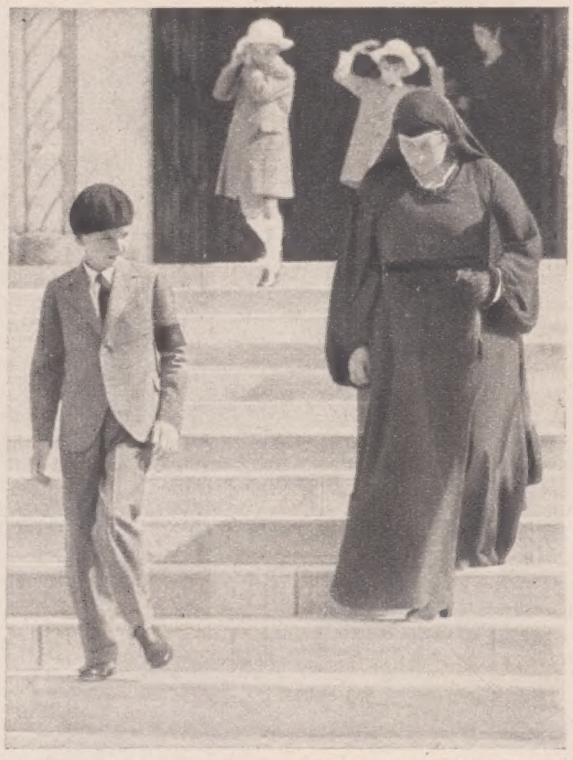
With trailing feet she walked to where he stood beside the table.
"Now," he ordered. "Back to the beginning. And back to the beginning again and again and again till I get the truth out of you. *Where does your father live?*"
Alma pressed the back of her hand on her eyes.
"I can't—see . . . . Things are —misty. . . ."
"There's water there," said Hoffmann, pointing to a glass of soda water. "It's all you'll get!"
She picked up the glass with trembling fingers, raised it and looked at it. And suddenly, as she did so, her eyes seemed to shine. A quick tap on the edge of the table and the glass was broken. A swift movement and the jagged edge had slashed the back of the hand of Hoffmann. With a cry of pain he dropped the pistol and leapt back, his uninjured hand clasping the wound. Before he had time clearly to realise what had happened, the weapon was in her hands and pointing at his heart. "Damn you!" he bellowed.
"Stand back!" gasped the girl.
"This will only make things worse for you—and your dear father!" he threatened.
"Unlock that door!"
Hoffmann hesitated.
"Quick!"
"All right."
He went to the outer door, inserted the key and turned it.
"Now get over there!"
It was an order he had to obey.
"Well?" he said.
"Well, Hoffmann?"
"You win. You can go."
"I'm going!"
"But it isn't the fight, little Alma. It's only the round. You can tell your father to keep on waiting. I'll be calling one day."
"You're wrong there, Hoffmann," said Alma. "It's the fight! You've had your run. You've turned earth into hell for your little time; but from now on, for my father and for me, the air is going to be clean, and life is going to be sweet. The torture is over, the nightmare of you is past. The rat is trapped, Hoffmann, and I think he knows it. I don't know why you ever lived, but you have lived long enough to hear me thank you—to hear me thank you for the first time since I heard your foul name."
"Thank me?" There was surprise, genuine surprise, in Hoffmann's eyes. "What for?"
"*For making it certain, beyond all doubt, that nobody will ever know I came to this house to-night!*"
Hoffmann started, stared at her, tried to move closer. But the gun still pointed at his heart.
"I'm going, Hoffmann," said the girl. "But you're going first, and you're going farthest!"
He half turned away, his eyes looking at anything.
"What do you mean?"
"This!" cried Alma. "Turn round and face it, Hoffmann! It's come to you at last!"
The pistol barked. Hoffmann spun round and fell in a ruin of broken glass and pottery.
In the stillness a hinge creaked. The outer door opened.
And closed.

"Bedtime, Your

by JOAN WOOLLCOMBE



Peter of Yugo-Slavia—hurled from school to a throne by the assassination of his father.



King Peter with Queen Marie and (behind) brothers Tomislav and Andrev.

A FEW highly-bred children are being most intensively trained. One is a King already; the rest—boys and girls—are heirs to the remaining thrones still in use: some of these, when they succeed, will be perched precariously on the powder barrels of to-morrow's troubles.

Come "behind the scenes" and see the hard facts of the gruelling "conditioning" these children are getting. *It is based almost entirely upon the British method of training*; and if King George were remembered for nothing else, he would be renowned as the King who invented modern training for modern princes—and who put his own boys relentlessly through the mill.

A sideline to all this is the demand—all over the world—for British experts; and we have the surprising sight of the selected spinsters of Britain going serenely into the turbulent Courts of mid-Europe, armed with nothing more formidable than their convictions about fresh air and "playing fair" . . . and opening windows, making small Royal boys and girls wash behind the ears, tell the truth whenever possible, and be "good mixers."

The British governess and the British tutor have, very unobtrusively, "made history" in Europe, Africa and Asia.

There is little room for sentiment and none for pretty stories in the crowded time-tables of their charges; or the Households. Take first the case of the small King. *What Miss Crowther of Bradford taught him yesterday and what Miss Marr and Mr. Parrott are teaching him to-day*—may have a tremendous effect upon the future of the difficult heritage of Peter II of Yugo-Slavia.

His first "Nannie" and his present governess and tutor have a whole time job since the cataclysmal day when the murder precipitated Peter to his father's rather uneasy throne.

I was talking to a Serbian who, some 20 yards behind the Royal car that day at Marseilles, telephoned the news to Belgrade ten minutes after the murder. He gave me an intimate picture of the grim business of training a King of twelve years old who—in six short years must be fitted to take over his turbulent heritage.

There was no sentiment, no sob-stuff in the story; *there is no time for it* . . . after the murder of his father, Peter's carefully drawn-up schedule was relentlessly continued on the lines that the late King had planned. The Regent, Prince Paul, loves England, where he was educated; it was he who used his influence to have Peter sent to an English Prep. School.

It is he who helps the Queen Marie to carry through with this business of bringing up Peter on English lines.

The boy used to sleep in a small room beside his tutor's in the "cottage" adjoining the Palace at Dedinje; now he uses his father's suite, next to his Mother; and sees even less of his two small brothers, Tomislav and Andrev, than he did before. He gets up at 6.30 and rides for an hour; after his return from Cobham he wanted, and got, an English bacon-and-eggs breakfast instead of the coffee and rolls of his countrymen.

After that his whole morning is spent in lessons with selected professors from the college, close to Dedinje, founded by King Alexander. Peter has got to learn to "mix"—that was the advantage of Sandroyd; to which, since the Constitution does not allow it, he must never return.

But, however willing the child may be to find his own level—there is the difficulty of finding other small boys who can forget Peter is King.

M. Gazivoda, who has told me a lot about his King, says the English school system would be ideal—if it were possible; as it is, the difficulty remains. After lunch the King has an afternoon of athletics until lessons again from 4 to 6 p.m.: tea is the only meal he has with his brothers, who are brought up quite separately.

Peter is wide awake to the fact he is King; of the many stories about the boy there is the true one that a short time back he demanded an increase of pocket money from his mother on the grounds that "now I am King I have more responsibilities." It was refused.

For a healthy child of twelve, Peter seems to have a tremendous amount to learn; already he has come to grips with five languages, state administration, constitutional history, and the detailed history of his House.

But they do allow him to keep one section of his life for his real enjoyment—he has a passion for mechanics and the beginnings of real knowledge. Here his rank helps him. He has an enviable collection of mechanical toys and models, electric cars, boats, and an electric train.

Few children are permitted to work before they are 14; but adolescent Peter is kept at it full time and, up to now, he really has shown very good results in his school work. It is difficult, as yet, to predict how he will eventually turn out; but Monsieur Gazivoda stresses one fact in respect of this Royal Family, that all three brothers, Peter, Tomislav, and Andrev, are extremely popular: the two latter certainly appear to be what we should describe as "handfuls." Perhaps the best assurance for Peter's future is the steady, intelligent direction of his life by the Queen—young enough to be seen playing games with all three boys and experienced enough to be extremely firm with the King.

Peter has a colleague who was once a king and then had to hand back his throne to his father. No one would envy the young "Mihail—Grand Voevode, Crown Prince of Roumania." Whatever your sympathies, you admit that the story of his youth is not pretty. Aged five, he was declared King and (as was probably natural) his mother, Princess Helen, kept the boy under strict tutelage: Michael grew both shy and fat!

A keen observer in the country at the time tells me that Queen Marie of Roumania remonstrated with the boy's mother that Michael must not be so sheltered from contacts, should be made to "mix"—weaned from his babyishness. If the story of her reply is true, it is only human. It is alleged that the Princess remarked that if her mother-in-law was suggesting tactics like those used to train Carol . . . then her boy were best trained otherwise.

Then, when Michael was nine, his father brought off his *coup d'etat* and—luckily for Michael—one of the first things the new King did was to take the boy's education firmly in hand. Carol is devoted to his son: Michael's "schedule" has been drawn up as nearly as possible on "Prince of Wales" lines.

I have in front of me the authentic details of the time-table of the Prince: it shows that (as it says) "His Majesty intends to bring the Voevode up in a modern manner . . ."

Michael is not to think that, because he is a Prince, he is different from other boys: he is being educated in a school within the palace grounds with an ingeniously mixed team of contemporaries. *Twelve boys, chosen from all classes.*

It is as if a British Prince were educated with a labourer's son from each main district; a lawyer's son and the sons of an engine driver; an officer; of an Irishman and a Scot respectively!

Obviously their "school" is well equipped; and, in addition, they are taken on excursions to places of scientific and industrial interest by autocar. There is an examination at the end of the school year: and it is *really* impartial; for instance, Michael was beaten by the officer's son two years back.

Once a year, too, Michael goes to what appears to be the military "Dartmouth" to take his place much as our Princes did, among the rest. They've made him a Boy Scout, too; but—keen as he is on aviation—he may fly only once a year, on "Aviation Day."

Meanwhile, the boy has "banted"—got leaner and much healthier and developed some outside interests that are curiously contrasting. He loves music. He also loves hunting and winter sports and—he, like his neighbour, Peter II, has a keen mechanical sense.

All these facts give us a composite picture of the youth; he is gradually living down the almost "comic opera" background of the most highly coloured of the Balkan States. That he is being taught—intensively—is obvious; numbers of specialists employed at the Royal school teach the young men all that a normal schoolboy learns.

That he is interested in modern things is equally obvious when one hears that, with some of the first money Michael ever earned (for an article in a Review!) he bought H. G. Wells' "Outline of History."

In the modern manner we see him taking the

Royal Highness"..

rough-and-tumble of the military lycee, cleaning his own shoes, making his own bed and "sweating off his superfluous fat under a typical sergeant-major."

Just outside London is the pleasant Kingston house once inhabited by Prince Chichibu of Japan. A policeman at the gates admits you through the winding drive to the present home of H.R.H. The Prince of Said—Crown Prince of Egypt.

Prince Farouk is one of the most fortunate of the Princes-in-training, although, before he arrived here, he had not "mixed" as freely as other Princes of his age would have in Britain. He came from a happy enough background in his father's palace; his mother, the Queen, and his four sisters, Fawzia, Faiza, Faika, and Faithia.

But, coming to England for his education, aged sixteen, but looking twenty-two, he has the tremendous advantage of "growing up" under the direct supervision and guidance of one of the most notable personalities Egypt has produced.

Sir Ahmed Hassanein Bey is the famous explorer and First Chamberlain to H.M. the King of Egypt; and it is to him that the King has entrusted the next few years of his son's life.

His Excellency, sitting at his desk in his own room, told me about his Prince. "He is so much older to look at than his actual age, that even from his conversation you would think him grown up: till you realise he is still a very inexperienced boy—with few first hand contacts with life as yet. We hope that he may get his experience of contemporary life in England. . . ."

There is absolutely nothing of what we so often regard as the luxury or splendour of Egypt's court in this house, or this household of which His Excellency is the Head, as Comptroller to the Prince; and here again we find the grim régime through which the modernist Prince must graduate!

Up at 6.30 or so and a day's programme of visiting professors of every imaginable subject useful to a future ruler; including (I noticed as I glanced through his time-table) boxing and fencing. Twice a week he goes to Woolwich, for which Academy he is eventually destined; here, at least, he has a chance of beginning to make contacts; to make friends with young men of very nearly his own age.

Sir Ahmed has the tremendously interesting task of controlling the development of this rather precocious but essentially unexploited personality: it is, I imagine, typical of the great explorer that he confessed, with a half smile, "I am learning as much as he is . . . one forgets so much of one's own youth."

It is a very delicate job, teaching not only the mechanics of his princely job but the *ethics of kingship* to this young man who already shows signs of having a great deal of natural charm.

There are instructions from King Fuad that admit of no relaxation in discipline: Prince Farouk must keep his royal nose at the grindstone, "cram" for Woolwich and find his feet among young Englishmen.

He is not to be permitted to avoid things he does not like; though, says his mentor, the Prince already shows an uncanny skill in sidetracking the professor whom he would prefer to talk to than to learn from. This I imagine is common in some degree to any English schoolboy . . . but to H.R.H. it is forbidden.

His Excellency has no illusions: life will be complicated for a Crown Prince—more complicated for a King; and there is the delicate business of steering the intelligent, friendly youth through the pitfalls that await attractive young men who have added to their handicaps, the glamour of Royalty.

"His education—and all that I can do for him, should equip him for life." Not so easy, when you think that at Prince Farouk's present age our own King had already been through the merciless "mill" of Osborne and Dartmouth.

As I sat listening to Sir Ahmed, the English butler announced: "The fencing master is here, Your Excellency"—and the fencing master was sent off to the "schoolroom" whither the Comptroller shortly followed him. But not before he had told me that the Prince is good at science and chemistry, brilliant at general knowledge and a confirmed reader . . . that he would read till the small hours unless his friend and mentor sternly put out the lights.

But the impression that remains with me is of that packed time-table, of the Household of General, Colonel, Doctor, Assistant Comptroller, Professor of Arabic and five English tutors to mould the attractive "raw material" of the young Egyptian into sufficiently tough a proposition to withstand the rough usage that life gives the modern democratic Prince.

But there remains the most amazing story of all: an education that has brought a famous heir into first-hand contact with life in the raw since his fourth year till the present, when Europe watches Otto of Hapsburg uneasily—and wonders. . . . It is, anyhow, a quaint thought that the last hope of the Hapsburgs, Otto, the heir of the proudest line in Europe, should be the only Prince whose education has included an enforced course in undernourishment, poverty and uneasy exile.

Back of this young man's life is, of course, that formidable woman, the ex-Empress Zita, who has kept a roof over his head and a Court under that roof! I have a letter from one of his gentlemen in which the Archduke is referred to as "His Majesty the Emperor and King, Otto."

As background to this you must remember the years of adversity that began with the death of his father, the ex-Emperor Charles of Austria, in Madeira. The boy of nine was sent for to witness his father's passing; a scene that must be indelibly engraved in his memory.

Then the ex-Empress and her seven children started on their wanderings: living as and how they might, often definitely in want, until they reached the moated castle lent them by the Marquis de Cory, in Belgium at Steenockerzeel. Here began the astounding years of a shadow Court and a shadow Emperor with the widow grimly keeping up the pretence.

Otto, referred to and treated as "Your Majesty," was sent to school at Clervaux and thence to the University of Louvain. "Incognito" as the Duc de Bar he worked his way through and studied phsychology, metaphysics, logic, chemistry, anatomy, biology and political economy, in which he passed with distinction.

It is almost terrible to relate that this youth also speaks German, Hungarian, French, and is learning Croatian, English, Spanish, Latin and Greek. He, and his five brothers, get up at 6.30 and attend Mass—thereafter to work until the midday meal, when they usually have either soup and fish or soup and pudding only. . . .

The pale-faced young man, studious still, and still with that formidable mother behind him—is one of Europe's worries at the moment. The ex-Empress has battled through with his education so far and no European prince has such a hardening battle to condition him for future fights.

"Many Londoners have seen the two Lascelles boys with their Nannie. . . ."

At that most famous school for girls, near Ascot, Heathfield, you may see Princess Tere and Princess Dannush—the young Albanians. King Zog has also recognised the usefulness of a system that makes small girls, as well as small boys, good "mixers." It is Prince Paul of Yugo-Slavia's fondness for the system that equipped him that has led him to send his son Alexander to an English Prep. School.

The two Lascelles boys, now on the fringe of the shadow of a throne, are at Cockfosters; many Londoners have seen these children with their "Nannie," but few of us know much of them; the elder boy, especially, looks shy, and both of them are kept very much out of the news. Grandsons of a King, they are probably the most simply educated of any Royal children alive to-day.

Finally, we come very close to the British Throne: *the nurseries of the Heir Presumptive*. Some time back I referred to H.R.H. The Princess Elizabeth as a future Queen and was courteously corrected by a certain notable woman: "We still hope that the Prince of Wales may marry . . ." she wrote.

But—in the last few years, and intensified now, there has been the training of Princess Elizabeth in the tedious "public appearance" duties and deportment of Royalty. What was a joke when she was small is a definite mistake now. For instance, Royalties do not settle their hats or powder their noses in public.

Elizabeth, who a short time back squatted on a red carpet outside Olympia to pull up her socks, now walks and sits with poise and sedateness.

Again, junior members of "the Family" do not acknowledge applause when a senior member is present: and Elizabeth, who has gaily enough waved and blown kisses to the crowds as she and her grandmother have been applauded, does not now do so. . . .

She has never been shy. But she is now learning to "mix." At the Gloucester wedding, and during the Jubilee celebrations it was seen that she found her own way about, chatting to people whom she knew. Margaret Rose, on the other hand, at the Gloucester reception, knew exactly where she would be safe; she sought out the Queen and attached herself firmly to her; nor did she leave her side during the whole reception!

There is one fact, not often noticed, that is of greater importance than all the educational news put together. Neither child at 145 Piccadilly has ever been notified as suffering from illness. Colds they have sometimes had, but the level of their general health is amazingly high. And this without resort to any stunts, expensive gadgets or luxury holidays. A remarkable tribute to an unspectacular mother and a sensible nurse.

But—the experiment in Royal education that, over thirty years back, was made by the then Duke and Duchess of York on their son "David" is to be repeated by the present holders of the title on their daughter, Elizabeth.

Watch this child very carefully during these important years of her adolescence; her parents will evolve a special training for her in consultation with the King whom possibly, her father may succeed.

Michael of Rumania is being brought up in a modern manner. His school companions are twelve boys chosen from all classes of the people.

Athletics and cycling are among the pursuits with which Michael is "living down the almost comic opera background" of his father's court.

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The gentlemen cursers did not use their expressions in low feminine tones . . . .

ILLUSTRATED BY ILLINGWORTH

SOME Women *are All Right*

by

Frank Condon

IT was getting near the first of June when a few of our more intelligent fellows got together with Rex Duryea and held our first conference. It was also our last conference; you might say, our last hope. Rex is a good citizen, and worth saving, so we tried to save him. He listened quietly and said:

"If you ninnies would spend your time and thought on keeping your long noses out of other people's affairs, you would all be enormous successes, instead of the crying failures you are to-day."

"Now listen, Rex," I said warmly. "We're your friends."

"Oh, bosh," he cried, using another popular expression that practically means "bosh."

"We are trying to do you a good turn, Rex, old boy," chimed in Tom Rittenhouse. "You're over forty and you're a bachelor. She's a mere babbling infant and you don't realise what you're sliding into. We say this because we like you."

"Well, I don't like you," he snorted. "If I want to marry Vera, that's my business, isn't it? How could it be your business? I love Vera. You don't love her, do you?"

"No, Rex," I said. "We don't love Vera. You don't, either. You're in the midst of a passing infatuation, a settled bachelor knocked off his pins by a pretty face, and all we ask is that you wait for a while and let it cool. Don't rush into anything. In other words, don't get married, you inexpressible jackass."

Our relations with Rex had long been friendly, or we never could have spoken thus frankly to save an old comrade from a fate worse than death. He had met and was going to marry this yellow-haired menace, and, apparently, we were powerless. Her name was Vera—Vera Times—and anybody knows that a man should never marry a girl called Vera. The risk is too great. All Veras are usually prettier than a haunting refrain, have high cheekbones and pert noses, even teeth and appealing eyes, and to top it off, they generally have just enough sense to thread a four-hole shoe.

We all knew Rex's Vera, having encountered her at the San Marco club, conversed with her, first casually, and then in astonishment, looked into her large innocent eyes, hoping against hope that there was something stirring inside the beautiful skull. Nothing was.

"Please do not marry Vera," we begged him. "Just wait a while and you will meet some lovely and intelligent girl a little nearer your age who will make you a fine wife."

Well, that's all the good it did. On June tenth—I recall that there was a slight earthquake that morning—Rex and Vera were lawfully wedded, rented the Milburn cottage in Lavender Lane, moved in and settled down to the ever-varying joys of matrimony. Vera was about twenty-two when this crass deed was done.

We were all members together of San Marco Golf Club, which is one of the oldest in the state of California, and of which we are tremendously proud. San Marco is an incorporated suburb, not far from Los Angeles, a lovely, quaint community of quiet homes and peace-loving citizens, and it boasts of one other golf club, Westridge, an insolent outfit with a pink-gingerbread clubhouse and a mortgage about the size of next year's national debt. At San Marco we are paid up and owe no one anything.

Westridge has always put on airs and pretends that it is richer, more exclusive, more desirable and aristocratic than San Marco—all of which is a lot of macaroni. We were there first and we will be there long after Westridge is worm fodder.

Because ours is a retiring and modest golf club we have never been honoured with the amateur state championship, an annual event of tremendous importance. Larger and snootier clubs have captured it, and the state golf association, lordly arbiter, has never even considered San Marco, casting us aside as an insignificant easy course that shouldn't even presume to have thoughts about the championship.

This year we were having such thoughts, and definitely so. Early in the season our live wires began talking among themselves, and the most enthusiastic agitator was this same Rex Duryea, who is a first-class golfer.

"Why shouldn't we have it?" he roared. "We're one of the oldest clubs in the state! We never have had it! It's about time we got it!"

"We don't yell loud enough," somebody added.

Rex immediately dropped everything and hastened up to San Francisco. He saw John Flanagan, one of the heads of the state golf association, and to him made eloquent appeal, and John listened attentively and promised to see what he could do. Rex buttonholed lawyers in Fresno, Sacramento and Los Angeles, spent his own money on railway tickets, and suddenly the Westridge club heard what we were trying to accomplish and butted in. They would do that, the snoopers.

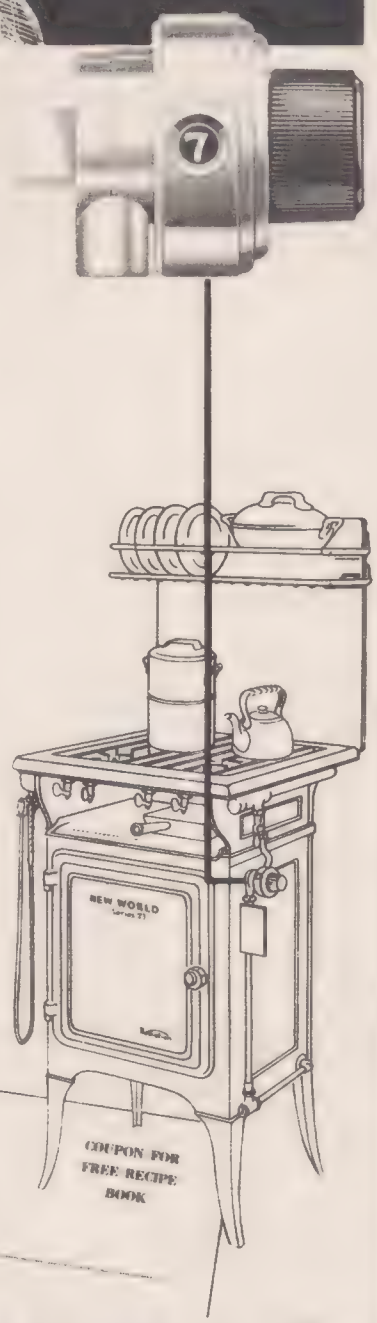
(*Continued on page* 15)

YOUNG HOUSEWIVES SAY—

COOK THE 'REGULO' WAY!

". . . But, my dear, cooking has no terrors for me. Indeed, I'm getting quite used to meal-time compliments. And here's the secret: It's the New World Gas Cooker with the 'Regulo' that gives me such confidence—besides, it's so *simple!* I just set the Regulo at the required number and find a perfectly cooked meal to serve up at the given time. Whole dinners, too, can be cooked in the oven at the same time. It all sounds ridiculously easy, but believe me, it's perfectly true."

-and people you know use the REGULO!



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ALL WAYS GUARANTEED

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THE BIGGEST VALUE IN CEREALS

Continuing Some Women *are* All Right

Westridge's president is Guy Reynolds, a true go-getter, but also pretty slick, and he stuck in his oar. He even had the effrontery to come over and visit us.

"It certainly is a good thing to bring the championship to San Marco," he admitted, drinking one of our drinks for nothing. "It is the right thing, only not for this golf club."

"Why not?" we roared indignantly.

"Because while this is a nice little golf layout, it is far too small for an event like the state championship. Your clubhouse is too small to handle the crowds. Your locker room is about half large enough. Your bar—well, consider it—looks like a phone box. And finally, your golf course is an easy spot for ladies, but is totally unfitted for a championship."

"So it ought to go to Westridge?" we inquired with heavy sarcasm.

"Absolissimo," chuckled Guy, who is a self-assured citizen and fears nobody. He really believes his almost-bankrupt outfit is as good as San Marco, or better.

"Well, it's not going to Westridge," snapped Rex Duryea. "It's coming here, and we deserve it. We are practically the mother of golf in California and have fostered the game with loving hands, so it's about time we had our day. You can have it some other year, but not this time."

To make absolutely sure, Rex pulled other wires, saw John Flanagan again and came home with what amounted almost to a definite assurance that the annual was a cert for San Marco club of San Marco. It meant a great deal to our club, which never before tried to push its way in among the more important organisations. We are modest and we know it. We have no hundred-thousand-dollar clubhouse with solid-silver lockers, and gold showers lined with mother-of-pearl and aigrette feathers. We are a simple folk with an old-fashioned but homely clubhouse.

Were we to land the classic event it would mean a sudden burst of cash and prosperity, with green fees pouring in, admission entries, crowds eating and drinking, and money rattling into the cash drawer. Our efficient manager, Mr. Clark, promised to build a large temporary bar to handle a million thirsts. Furthermore, the newspapers would be filled with headlines about San Marco, and we could do with some publicity. No wonder we were irritated with Guy Reynolds for trying to crash in.

Then, confound his buttons, Rex suddenly married Vera in June and went to live in Lavender Lane, which is the lovely road that runs alongside our seventeenth fairway. It is by far the handsomest road in town, for it gazes out over the pleasant fairways and there isn't a vacant plot or a house to be let or sold. Rex and Vera snapped up the last one.

On a bright afternoon you can see the housewives and their guests playing bridge and having tea on the shaded verandahs, and though this is a charming sight, it isn't always so good for the ladies. The road is exactly four hundred and forty yards long, which is likewise the length of our seventeenth hole, that being the favourite and most beloved golf hole in San Marco.

The athletes adore seventeen, first because it is long and difficult and, second, because it contains Grand Canyon, a masterpiece. Grand Canyon is a threatening bunker stretching across the fairway. Grand Canyon is probably the finest and noblest bunker in all the wide state of California—wide, irregular and deeper than the depths of Hades. When you are lucklessly in Grand Canyon, there are places where you have to climb out on a ladder; so you can see that it is a he-man's trap.

Having a bunker at that particular point caused a little trouble, especially on certain days like Wednesday, Saturday and Sunday. Players driving off No. 17 tee could take their choice and try to shoot off to the left, among the oak trees, or else bang straight down the fairway and attempt to carry Grand Canyon. It looks easy to do it, for a good player, and scarcely anyone likes to shoot off to the left among those trees, as you can easily stymie yourself dead against an ancient oak.

As a consequence almost everyone plunked into Grand Canyon. To be sure, particularly long hitters carried clear over with ease, and we have about ten strong hitters, and three hundred not-so-strong, or medium clouters, so you can see what was bound to happen. As soon as a man drove into Grand Canyon he hastened down the fairway with his caddie, slid into the trap and began trying to blast his way out, and the chances always are bad for blasting out. That's what makes it such a superb trap, and unique in California. Anybody can claw his way out of an ordinary trap in a shot or two, but with Grand Canyon I've seen enraged athletes take ten strokes and still be there, sand-bound and disgruntled.

Naturally, there was bad language and swearing by members of the club and their guests, for nothing drives a golf player so intensely potty as not being able to blast himself out of a sand bunker. That is where you come close to the genuine mental rabies.

If it happened to be Wednesday, there would be ladies quietly playing bridge on the shady verandahs of Lavender Lane and there would be gentlemen in Grand Canyon, and the ladies would be fairly shocked and would hold their ears or be driven clear off the verandahs. Mrs. Wilson, wife of Reverend Wilson, always escorted her guests inside the house after about three foursomes had swung by, even in warm weather. Unofficial complaint was made to our Mr. Clark, but nothing was ever done, as it is difficult to reform golfers who are accustomed to swearing. Mr. Clark had notices printed: "Please, no more profanity on 17 Fairway," and stuck them up in the locker room, and he begged Doctor Cook to use his influence with the gentlemen; Doctor Cook being the worst offender. About this time Rex Duryea married this Vera person, against our wishes and pleadings.

The Duryea establishment was as charming and handsome a home as any in Lavender Lane—a tidy bit of lawn, a smart touch of hedge, a roomy verandah, with a vine climbing and roses scattered here and there. The Duryeas being popular, Vera started off with her teas and bridge parties, inviting the nicest people and feeding them with pink cakes and sardines in oil. One of her social afternoons chanced to come on Saturday, and on that day, Rex was out there, struggling around with Doctor Cook and two of the regulars. It was a tight contest, with considerable money awaiting the winners.

Vera was entertaining Mrs. McClintock, Mrs. Morse and Miss James, the school principal, and some lady bid three spades about the time Rex and his associates drove off the 17th tee. Three of them landed plump in Grand Canyon and went grimly at their tasks, and there was heard presently the voice of Mr. Rex Duryea, not his regular living-room voice but the tones of a man maddened unto desperation.

In infuriated accents Rex spoke aloud all the bad, wicked words known to the four ladies, and thirty other words not one lady there had ever heard before, but which all recognised as cursing of a most abandoned and ferocious character. Mrs. McClintock raised a pair of startled eyes to Vera.

"That sounds like your husband," she said in a shocked voice.

"It is my husband," the bride answered. "I never knew he could speak like that. He doesn't talk like that in the house; he is rather gentle."

The trapped athletes continued to battle with the bunker, and the four ladies were almost immediately driven inside, where it was warm. All afternoon they had been listening to thin, feeble profanity, pretending not to hear, but there was no ignoring the meaty language of Rex and his merry men. Vera apologised to her visitors and explained about the bunker. Shortly after six o'clock the husband entered his pleasant home, and Vera met him in the hall.

"I trust you had a good afternoon," she said acidly.

"I lost eighteen dollars, busted a driver and putted like an idiot."

"You also drove my guests inside on a stifling day and disgraced yourself."

"Who did?"

"You did."

"Just precisely what do you mean?"

"I never before listened to such horrible swearing."

"Who was swearing?"

"You were."

"I never said a word all afternoon."

"Oh, no, not you. I suppose I don't know your voice! One could hear you for at least a mile, and there we were on the porch a few feet away, and you were down in that little hole across the street."

"I don't remember swearing," he said weakly.

"I thought I heard you before, but I wouldn't believe my ears. And I've heard the others, too, talking like a lot of bar-room loafers. It annoys all the families in the street, and you ought to be ashamed."

"Well, then, I'm ashamed," said Rex. "Let's eat."

Dinner proceeded gloomily, and later on, when she went to bed, Vera Duryea gave considerable thought to what was obviously a neighbourhood problem. Something would have to be done about it. All the Lavender Lane ladies had complained, but nobody had done anything. Vera determined to take the bull by the horns, thinking the whole matter out by herself, with Rex snoring.

Her nocturnal calculations came to this: San Marco members and guests swore like troopers on the 17th, for they were always getting into that hole. Ordinarily, they

(*Continued on page* 17)

The Indian rope expert sweeps his chimney.

When a GREAT DAIRY makes *milk* chocolate—

When a great dairy makes milk chocolate they can afford to be lavish. *A lot of milk . . .* for milkiness. *The best of the milk . . .* for goodness. *Every drop of the cream of the milk . . .* for nourishment at its nicest.

Milk rich and pure and plentiful, milk thick with all its cream, fresh from the deep, green pastures of England's dairy shires. When a great dairy makes milk chocolate *you know it is fresh!*

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BE WISE!

When you see an article advertised in this paper

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chewed a

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Continuing Some Women *are* All Right

were mannerly persons, and spoke nicely before ladies. It was the nasty hole that made brutes and boors of them all and ruined the smooth sweep of the fairway, and the result of Vera's cogitations, all by herself in bed, was one of the most ghastly events in San Marco's long history. She said nothing to Rex, as she desired to hand him a spanking surprise.

Early on Wednesday morning, Peter Boyle, an early golfer, got round as far as the 17th, hit a tee shot, started walking down the dewy fairway, and almost fell over dead. He hurried along the famous fairway, and it was all fairway—no Grand Canyon.

Holding himself well in hand and not falling in a swoon, as he had every right to do, Mr. Boyle galloped at full tilt back to the clubhouse, hoping he would find an official at that early hour to whom he could convey the staggering news. Only Mr. Clark was present, and when Peter told him, Mr. Clark naturally believed Peter was drunk.

"I tell you it's gone!" Peter shouted, his eyes popping. "It's all smooth fairway now, and no bunker anywhere!"

Mr. Clark chased a caddie out to have a look and make sure Peter was sane, and presently began telephoning members of the executive committee, who gulped their morning coffee, asked Clark if he was sure, and arrived on three wheels. Soon there was a group of dumbfounded golfing gentlemen walking slowly around the 17th and muttering. They stared at the green of the fairway, broad and level, and swore in low tones.

They hastened back to the clubhouse and summoned our president, Mr. Grover Gaines. Immediately began an executive session to discuss the atrocity, and everyone asked everyone else what blithering and vicious lunatic had committed the crime. One member suggested that maybe it was a Communist, but nobody knew any Communists.

"I'll bet I can lay a finger on it," broke out Peter Boyle. "I'll bet I can come close to it. Rex Duryea's wife has been raising the very dickens lately over that bunker. That's who did it, or I'll eat my hat."

The instant Peter mentioned the name, all present knew immediately who had committed the dastardly outrage. Mr. Gaines telephoned Rex at his office and commanded him to tear out to San Marco, which he did post-haste, and they briefly laid the disaster before him.

"We don't say it is Vera who is guilty," Mr. Gaines said ominously. "We only think so, and what do you think, Rex?"

Well, to begin with, Rex Duryea wouldn't even believe Grand Canyon was gone. He concluded that it was a silly club joke and demanded to see for himself with his own eyes; so we started out again —Rex, Mr. Gaines, Peter Boyle and myself. There it was, a perfect sweep of fairway, and Rex began to look grim.

"Come on," he grunted, and we strode across Lavender Lane and up the walk. Rex opened the front door and we hustled in just as Vera came down the stairs in a pink dressing gown, and we stood there in the door, staring at her like the French peasants must have glared at Marie Antoinette on guillotine morning.

"Vera," said Rex in a low voice, "I want to ask you a simple question and I wish a truthful answer. Do you know who filled up the Grand Canyon bunker and turfed it over?"

"Certainly," replied the bride, without a flicker. "I did it."

"You did!" Rex repeated in tones of sheer horror. "In heaven's name, why?"

"To make it better for you men. You're always cursing when you get in the hole, anyway, and shocking everyone, and so I knew you would all be happier with a nice level lawn, and so I had the hole filled up. I don't see why you don't fill all the holes. They make you swear so and act like low vulgar persons. Mrs. Wilson can't sit on her verandah any more."

"How'd you do it?"

"I merely asked the Mexican contractor to bring his men and some sand and some turf, and I had them work in the middle of the night, when it wouldn't bother you players. Why are you all acting so queerly, when you should thank me?"

Rex stared at us and at his bride, and tried to say something, but his voice failed him.

"Vera," I said, "you do not realise it, but you have committed an act of vandalism for which we could have you arrested and sent to the women's prison for three years."

"Oh, pooh," she said.

"No 'pooh' about it," snapped our president. "And if you ever again set foot on our golf course or cause changes to be made, you will certainly go to jail, Mrs. Duryea. You apparently do not realise the enormity of what you have done."

"I thought you would play nicer games," said Vera, while Rex looked at her steadily. We left the house and returned to our stunned club, and within an hour a gang of workmen was tearing up the 17th fairway. In three days the Grand Canyon bunker yawned again in its old position, more terrifying than ever and even a trifle deeper. Vera gazed across from her porch and concluded that all males and golfers must be mildly insane.

As a result of this incident, club attention was sharply focused on Lavender Lane and the fussy residents thereof. San Marco athletes, who had hitherto never given the matter consideration, now thought about it, and I do not know who started it, but a brand-new habit caught on almost immediately and our playing membership began giving Lavender Lane a fresh deal. Players swore their way cheerfully around the course for sixteen holes in the old manner, and upon reaching the 17th, each gentleman suddenly altered his usual speech and struck out in a gay sardonic spirit.

After driving into the yawning trap the player approached his ball and said in loud tones: "Heavenly days." Doctor Cook used such expressions as "Gracious me"; "Shan't you give up?" and "My goodness alive." George Laubender, a notorious and ribald expert in profanity, contented himself with: "Sweet sarsaparilla, my word," and "Oh, dearie me." Martin Higgins used: "My stars," "Oh, fudge, General Jackson," and "Sweet spirit of goodness." Henry Lodge, an outspoken man from the United States Army, broke loose with: "Oh, my trembling heart, Christmas Night" and "Isn't that just ducky?" Every afternoon some member brought out a new one.

The gentlemen cursers did not use these expressions in low, feminine tones, but rather howled them into the afternoon breeze, and the bridge parties along Lavender Lane looked across in mild surprise, but were not shocked. You cannot shock even an old lady bridge player by shouting, "Oh, my trembling heart!" The notion, which commenced as a lark, continued as a bitter joke, and all on account of Vera with the lovely yellow hair.

Guy Reynolds, of Westridge, chanced to play a round with us one Saturday afternoon, as he often does, and when we came to the 17th he listened to the ladylike profanity in open amazement. He knows all our fellows.

"What's this?" he asked.

"Just a club whim," I told him. "The boys do it for the benefit of ladies with tender ears."

We acquainted him with Vera's midnight operation on the Grand Canyon, and he laughed immoderately, after which he went on home in a thoughtful mood. The first thing he did was to communicate with John Flanagan, a big man in the state association, and find out when John would next be visiting in Southern California, and it so happened that he was coming down our way the following week-end—a news item unknown to us at San Marco.

Mr. Reynolds, though a snake from Westridge, is an old friend of our Dan Marmion, who has been suffering a long time with golf lumbago and cannot play. Dan's home is in Lavender Lane, not far from Rex's place, and Dan can generally be seen loafing around his lawn or lolling on a deck chair with a whisky and soda while the playing members battle.

Guy telephoned our lumbago invalid and informed him that he would drop in Saturday afternoon for a social chat, and would have with him Flanagan and Dave Woods, of the coast association, and would Dan kindly throw together some sandwiches and cocktails, as John likes an occasional snifter.

Mr. Marmion said he would be delighted to play host to such a distinguished gathering, and at two o'clock Saturday the guests appeared—Mr. Reynolds, Mr. Flanagan and Dave Woods.

Food and drink were served, and the gentlemen leaned back in Dan's comfortable chairs, chatted of this and that, and sipped their drinks.

Knots of golfers began wending down the 17th fairway, saying "Mercy me," and "Goodness gracious," and John Flanagan looked slowly up over the top of his whisky. John is a red-faced man, weighing two hundred and fifteen pounds, and is connected with the Oakland Ironworkers' Union, golf being his hobby.

He said nothing for some time, apparently buried in thought and not believing his ears.

Finally he asked:

"What is going on over there?"

"Why," replied Guy Reynolds innocently, "it's just those San Marco golf players playing golf."

"And that's the club that's been howling for the state championship. It must be a queer kind of a club."

"I've been around golf clubs for twenty years," murmured Dave Woods. "This is all new."

"Oh, no," Guy defended us. "They're nice boys."

"They sound," said John, "as though they ought to be playing with some cretonne lace on the bottom of their pants."

"No," said Guy. "That's just their way."

"Well," added Flanagan, "I know one thing. It's no place for the state championship. There are some rough players in the amateur, and they might shock these San Marco fire-eaters."

"That's what I told you long ago," Reynolds said heartily. "Westridge is the right and proper course for a big event, for we have a genuine championship layout, with long holes, whereas this is an attractive spot, but more for ladies, Mr. Flanagan."

"I'd say so," John agreed, and twelve hours later the papers were full of the news and the headlines sprouted on the sports pages: WESTRIDGE CAPTURES THE AMATEUR STATE CHAMPIONSHIP AFTER CLOSE CONTEST WITH SAN MARCO.

Vera and Rex are still wife and man, but I don't believe he'll ever be the same again.

CURIOSNAPS

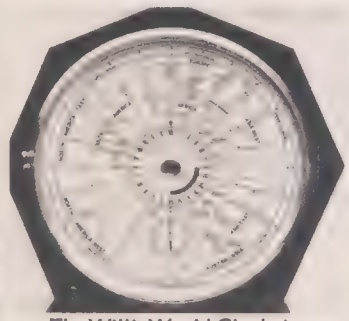
"Passing Show" readers who send in original photographs of queer sights suitable for this feature receive 10/6 for each picture published. They should enclose a stamped addressed envelope.

An Algerian cultivator uses his two pretty daughters as well as a donkey to pull his plough.

This enormous edible mushroom—it measures four feet round—was recently found in Japan.

The former railway station at Andoversford now serves the road—as a café for lorry drivers!

Living basket. This willow demijohn suddenly started to shoot buds.



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Short Short Story

by B. L. Jacot

"Hand the rifle back to the sentry," the General advised.

SPECIAL MISSION

A CANVAS awning was pegged above the low, rectangular opening that formed the entrance to Baildon's quarters. It filtered the glare of the sunlight into a misty haze, and as he lay on his camp bed watching occasional listless Chinese soldiers slouching about the baked mud beyond, he was cursing the monotonous inactivity that had come to paralyse the marauding army of General Hai-Lung.

The soft-footed Leng, Baildon's servant who had followed him through three years' hazardous campaigning, slipped through the doorway out of the dust and glare of the camp. "The General," he said.

Baildon pushed to his feet. "Something moving at last?"

The little Chinese with a face like a shrunken mask made a peculiar bobbing bow. In all the time this man had followed Baildon over the war-ridden country like a dog, he had never spoken more than a few words at a time. Baildon often wondered what kept him faithful to one who, at the best, gave him a hard time and pay that, even in China, was not worth bothering about.

Leng followed him through the camp towards that collection of mud buildings stuck like swallow nests against the rock of the hills at the back, where the general had his quarters. Down by the slow moving river Baildon could see among the trees the rough hangar that sheltered his British aeroplane. Within the last month the flight of four antique machines had been reduced to one—Baildon's own personal Bristol Teal, a crate that only just missed the Great War.

Baildon walked past the cotton-breeched sentries into the presence of the commander-in-chief of this army of some four thousand men. The old Chinese was seated on a cane chair behind a green-topped card table. His tunic was unbuttoned for comfort and his hard military cap lay before him on the baize.

For a while his old eyes watched Baildon closely, then dropping his eyes to the table top, he said: "It is necessary to get into direct touch with Marshal Feng. You will appreciate the position with your machine."

Baildon nodded. He had been expecting this. Since they had been driven up country away from supplies General Hai-Lung's army had been dissolving away. Three attempts in the last month to get messages through to Marshal Feng had resulted in the loss of three machines. The pilots—Chinese aviators with livings to make—had flown them to safety and a new job with some other army. Not one of those three machines had risked the country to the north where fighting Japanese aircraft patrolled.

"The chances are I could reach the Marshal," Baildon said. He tried to make his tone confident, but he was conscious that for a week he had been discreetly denied access to his machine.

The old Chinese looked over to the square window where the sun was streaming into the room. "Unless you reach Marshal Feng, and he deflects his march towards us, we must be blown like chaff before the next attack. The journey is a big responsibility for a young man . . ."

Baildon shifted uneasily. "Yes, but——"

"You are a young man who makes his career in the air. You are a foreigner and you fight for money. For eight months you have fought for me, but . . ."

The General was searching his face now with those unwavering black eyes, and sudden heat possessed the airman. "If I say I'll try to reach Marshal Feng," he said, "I'll try to reach him. I know the way you're placed. I'm on your pay roll, and——"

A clap of the hands stopped him. "Let it be so then, my friend," decided Hai-Lung. "You will leave camp in an hour's time."

Baildon walked over to the shed to see to his machine. Chinese mechanics were already fuelling the old crate. The old man, he thought, had decided to send him all along. In eight months of fighting Baildon had got on very well with Hai-Lung. The General was said to be a Christian. He was reputed to be a graduate of an American university. So much was talk. It was a fact that Hai-Lung was one of nine sons of a fabulously wealthy merchant. The revolution put an end to the family wealth, as it did to the lives of Hai-Lung's parents, and the boy had taken to the sword for a living, as was not unusual among the well-born sons of China of that time.

In his quarters Baildon dressed himself in flying gear for his two-hundred-mile trip in the open cockpit of the machine. Provided he were not attacked he knew he would pick up Feng's army easily enough. If he failed to reach Feng, the little army of Hai-Lung would be trapped between the Japs, moving south, and the hordes of General Yat-Sing. Hai-Lung had a reputation for ferocity and swift-moving, but nothing would get him out of this trap, except Marshal Feng.

He was poring over his maps when an orderly came to take him to the General. To Baildon it seemed the Chinese commander had not moved from his seat behind the frail card table. He was staring at his hands spread on the cloth before him.

"All set, General," Baildon reported.

The other looked up. "I have something to tell you. Your servant, Leng. There have been disturbances among the men, whom, I am told, you have fought with your fists about this man. Why should you fight about a person of low birth?"

"The disturbances, General," Baildon explained, "have been exaggerated to you. Leng has been my servant for three years. He is a small man and a Southerner. I stopped bullying. That is all."

"So? And when he was sick, they tell me that you nursed him like a mother. Is that true?"

A flush had come to stain the airman's cheek. "He got sick and I dosed him, like anyone would."

The general pushed to his feet. "Leng, your servant, has been put under guard. Two days from now he will be shot. Unless—unless you have returned from your journey by that time and are here to ask a pardon for him. You will leave now, lieutenant, on your mission."

The General walked through the doorway into his living quarters and the sentry with a rifle closed the door behind him. The slam of the door brought Baildon to life. He took one stride towards the door, then stopped short.

Quick thinking brought realisation of the trap. If he protested against the treachery, on the face of it he would be admitting that he was not intending to come back. Hai-Lung would probably have him shot. If he left Leng to his fate, a chance bullet might bring him down, he might have an engine failure and crash, he might be unable to locate Marshal Feng—and Leng would be shot. If he refused to take the machine up the whole camp was likely to be cut to pieces in the next few days.

Baildon had often heard tales of Chinese strategy, but he had never come up against it before. The penetrating cunning of General Hai-Lung, it seemed, had ensured that he, Baildon, would make every possible effort to accomplish his job. The old fox was betting on the chance that he would not leave anyone in the lurch to die. Rage seized Baildon.

Distantly he heard himself yelling profanities as he struck out at the sentry. A rifle butt caught him heavily on the thigh. He grasped it and swung wildly. The sentry fell, and kicking at the door Baildon burst into the inner chamber.

"You hound!" he yelled at the General. "If you think I'm going to leave a man at the mercy——"

Something was wrong. Leaning back in his camp chair, Hai-Lung was smiling up at this intruder brandishing a gun. "I was expecting you," he said. On the far side of the room was Leng, turning the British peaked cap he always wore in his hand.

"What—what the Hades are you both grinning at?" he demanded.

"Hand the rifle back to the sentry," the General advised. "It is not loaded, for I feared you might come shooting. Be calm, my friend. Let me tell you that your friend and servant, Leng, though of low birth, was never in danger of violence or harm. He is going with you in your machine."

Baildon handed the rifle back to the sentry. "I don't understand all this," he growled.

The Chinese rose to place a hand on his shoulder. "You must understand that circumstances compelled me to put a trust in you that means more than life and death to me. A man who will care for his servant is a man who will carry out a trust, but I wished to make sure. Had you attempted to leave, you would have been—I regret to say it—shot. It is war. Yet, I knew that you would come, thirsting to kill me, for you are a man after my own heart."

From his servant Baildon looked back to Hai-Lung. "You mean—that because I wanted to kill you——"

"I trust you with this mission." For a moment the old man fumbled with the buttons of his untidy tunic.

"Go now, my young friend," he said. "And good luck go with you. I know that you will return."

Complete Story

by Christine Jope-Slade

Alison unbearably moved, heard someone sobbing bitterly.

The CHIEF *of the* TRAIN.

HOW *well* Alison Mulcaster felt after her six weeks' holiday in Switzerland! As if she could draw into her lungs vast quantities of air, sufficient to incommode the rest of the earth's inhabitants. As if she could consume gargantuan meals; boar's head, whole sucking pigs, the feasts you saw on the frescoes at that old chateau in Gruyere. As if she could conquer the green, eternally snow-capped, tall Swiss mountains without fatigue, without effort.

She looked out of the window of the train with almost a throb of excitement at her own physical well-being, her supreme fitness. All September and half October spent in a tent of golden sunshine, swimming at Vevey in the little plage in slightly cold water, chugging over to Evian les Bains in the lake steamers, and risking a very few expensive French francs at the tables, making hatless autobus excursions to Chamonix and Mont Blanc with the keen wind and the keen sun playing boisterously with face and black curly hair.

Lovely! Lovely! *All* of it lovely; and never in this life to be forgotten.

To-morrow London, and the typewriter, and Mr. Bunthorne dictating like a Pekinese with a wasp in its fur; and Mr. Browne giving her his letters for Spain at a word a minute, rather hating her because he derived his living from that country, from spices and fruits, and things with lovely exotic names like music, not one word of which he understood.

Alison Mulcaster had been born in Spain and lived there until she was fifteen. She was bi-lingual. That was why she drew £5 a week from the reluctant coffers of Messrs. Bunthorne & Browne, whose ancestors had met the Spanish galleons personally at the London wharves to claim and check their goods and welcome the swarthy captains with a glass of good Bordeaux sack.

The train was running past the silvered immensity of Lake Leman. Across the water was St. Jean de Golfe shining like some careless child's collection of toy bricks left on the edge of the water.

Dear enchanted country of absurd, high grandeur and tiny toy human endeavour.

By the railway line men and women were stripping the grape vines, lifting the red and golden leaves, seeking the jewelled darkness of the clusters they hid. Like most Swiss field-workers, they wore bright, crude butcher blue. It was a running frieze in strong, elemental, primitive colours, stimulating and exciting.

Then suddenly Alison Mulcaster realised that she was looking at all this through glass, that the windows of the crowded carriage were all shut, and the atmosphere, after her long sojourn in the open air, was close and vitiated.

She looked at the man opposite her and saw that he was reading *The Times*. She spoke to the back page of *The Times* in its own language.

"Would you put the window down for me, please."

The Times was lowered.

"I don't think so," said the voice of the owner. "It's very comfortable in here. . . ."

"It's horrible. There's no fresh air," she protested.

"Fresh air is the peculiar fetish of the English." His voice was calm, soothing and rebuking an unreasonable child. "If you have been staying in this middle-class paradise called Switzerland you have had all the fresh air that is good for you. It is the only thing Switzerland is adequately furnished with."

He was romantically good-looking. Perhaps, if Alison had been lowered, as you are after a year of English winter and working hard in a London office, his marvellously modelled face would have got under her feminine defence mechanism and she would have stifled with the Germans and the Swiss and the French with which the carriage and the train was packed.

It happened that she was physically on top of the world and emotionally mistress of herself; so she merely said:

"I *want* that window down."

To which masculine beauty sitting opposite to her responded surprisingly:

"And you are not going to have that window down. I do not want a cold."

He spoke to the German woman next to him, a vast creature brooding over what looked like the groceries for the week laid out on her lap. It was not the groceries for the week. It was merely her great-aunt Lilo's idea of a small repast for travelling. Above this little love feast she smiled benevolently and said she shared the Englishman's disinclination to acquire a cold from a wantonly opened window.

"Your throat may not be valuable to you," announced Alison's unusual compatriot. "*Mine* is."

"Why should I be stifled because you choose to coddle your throat," said Alison. "Fresh air would do it more good than fugging."

It was rather rude, but they had started by being wholly antagonistic.

"*Have* you a sore throat?" Alison persisted.

"No," said the young man; "and," he added thoughtfully, "I don't intend to get one by indulging your national vice for appearing all hearty and healthy."

"That cheese," said Alison, unguardedly, "would chloroform anyone."

The German woman's face got slowly puce. She shot the yellow of a hard-boiled egg so violently into her mouth that the suddenly empty white might have been the toy cannon that discharged it.

ILLUSTRATED BY COLLER

DECIDES

Speaking English thickly through the creamy crumble of a whole yolk, she said :

"It is a lovely cheese. He does not smell. *I* will not have no window open."

The young man looked at the cheese thoughtfully and kindly.

"It's a dear little cheese," he said in English and as sweetly as if he was looking at the latest photographs of his sister's baby; "a perfect little cheese. What you see wrong with that cheese I *really* don't know," he complained to Alison. "It's a pet of a cheese."

"I don't *have* to see," countered Alison, now thoroughly aroused. "Will you open that window?"

"Not," said the Englishman winningly, "while there is breath in this poor body."

By this time the lady from Stuttgart had told the congested carriage what all the trouble was about.

The inevitable reaction against the individual who seeks to impose his or her will upon the mass began to be manifested.

The lady from Stuttgart exhibited the cheese. International relations were beginning to be established. Aunt Lilo's cheese was the "poor little Belgium" of the moment.

Any focus for animosity suffices. A lady from Grenoble sniffed it. She said as a cheese it was perfection. The lady from Stuttgart placed a small portion on a biscuit and presented it to a gentleman from Leysin, who had been living on sunshine and vitamins as expressed in terms of milk and cheese to such an extent that he was hardly grateful for his cure, but he remained gentleman enough to express the liveliest and most exaggerated appreciation of the tit-bit.

"You," said Alison Mulcaster to her compatriot with engaging frankness, "are a species of cunning beast, *but I am going to have that window open for all your machinations*."

"*What* a long word," admired the young man. "You tourist people do know your English. It's wonderful the way you pick it up." He appealed to the carriage in faultless German to admire her English.

"But I thought she *was* English," said the lady from Stuttgart.

That was so, admitted the young man, but hardly any Britishers spoke correct English now; it was wonderful how this young lady had acquired it.

"I know what you are saying to them even if I can't speak German," said Alison.

"That," said the young man, "must be the most tremendous fun for you. I say, what fun for you."

"Have you ever heard of patriotism?" inquired Alison.

"If you mean giving in to you and opening that window because we were both born in a country nobody in this carriage particularly likes, never *heard* of it," said the young man. "My mother never told me. She was stupidly shy about some things. I believe she told my brother, only the silly chump never got what she was driving at. *You* tell me. I *ought* to have known before. It isn't fair."

It is perhaps only the tired, the town-infested, the glued-to-the-cinema-the-theatre-and-the-printing-press who keep their faunish, tip-tilted sense of the ridiculous and really enjoy it being titillated.

Because Mr. Bunthorne and Mr. Browne were visiting Spain together and both of them for the first time in their lives, Alison Mulcaster had had six weeks of peasantish open-air and sun in which to dissipate a town-spun, carnival sense of fun.

She was angry with a primitive, raw, illogical, out-of-proportion (by the casual standards of the English young man) anger. It delighted him to provoke it and that should have warned her.

"The Hitlerites and the Mussolini fetishes must be thinking a lot of the masculine morale of the English."

"Ah," said the young man. "But they should see me in the playing fields of Eton, the old school tie knotted round my lean flanks, and both feet in the same stirrup!"

"Are you strong enough to open that window?" enquired Alison, very white. "Because, if you are not, *I* am."

"Strong?" echoed her tormentor. "You should have been with us all at Oxford, lady. Every day our dear old Nannie used to weigh and measure us. 'For my dear British boys must look well lying about the international railway carriages of Europe dead in defence of youth and beauty,' the dear used to say."

Just then Alison caught sight of the notice that is in all Swiss trains in German, French, and Italian :

"*In case of dispute about the opening or shutting of windows the Chief of the Train will decide.*"

She pointed to it.

The Germans read it in German.

The French read it in French.

The one Italian read it in Italian.

The lady from Stuttgart it was who went to fetch the guard.

When he came Alison Mulcaster looked at him pathetically, said in piteous, perfect French :

"Iln'y a pas d'air, Monsieur"—and apparently fainted dead away.

Of course, there was a commotion, a hullabaloo. The Chief of the Train decided on open windows.

When Alison "came to" the un-British young man said :

"Very neat. Perfidious Albion. Vive le Sport Anglais."

Ostentatiously he hauled out a pair of azure blue pyjama legs from his valise and twined them round his neck like a muffler. Then he proceeded to "spray" his throat with a small spray.

The lady from Stuttgart peered into his throat with maternal pleasure.

"He has practically *no* tonsils," she told the enthralled carriage, "or at least, only tiny ones."

She translated rapturously into French for the benefit of the passengers who were not Teutonic.

"Mignon!" she eulogised the pampered tonsils. "Tellement mignon."

Alison's friends met her at Geneva. He was connected with the International Labour Bureau, which does such good, alarmingly illuminating work in the exquisite green oasis of the park beside the lake.

In the afternoon she and her hostess made a tour of the lake.

The latter, who had years of Switzerland and Geneva, found Alison's violent Swiss reactions a little wearying. Of the conflict with the revolting young Englishman in the train from Vevey, the exhausted railway carriage air enthusiast she said nothing. She was a little ashamed of herself.

After dinner, eaten out in a marvellous restaurant,

(*Continued on page* 22)

Continuing The CHIEF *of the* TRAIN DECIDES

where the excitement left by the late presence of over-vivacious international delegates still seemed to linger on the air like gay historical legend, her host said :

"We're taking you to Kastie Kamolatch's concert, you know, the big Yugo-Slavian pianist. This is her last European concert before America. She's marvellous!"

"Of course," said Alison. "Everyone has heard of her. How lovely."

"There is a compatriot of yours singing," her hostess said. "Charles Young."

"Never heard of him."

"His photograph was in the evening paper," said her host. "I had it here somewhere a moment ago."

He pulled out a local paper and showed Alison Mulcaster the smudged, inky, badly printed photograph of the man with whom she had had the battle of the railway carriage window that morning.

"Charles Young, Jeune Chanteur Anglais, qui fait son debut ce soir a Geneve."

"V-very nice," said Alison shakily.

So that was why he wanted a closed window and no sudden change of temperature! So *that* was why he must "soignee" his throat so assiduously. He might have said something! He might have explained.

When they got to the concert hall he was not singing. A little note in their programmes appraised them of the fact. His place was taken by a star pupil of the Conservatoire of Lausanne. The compere, who was also Kastie Kamolatch's manager, came forward and explained that the young Englishman had suddenly developed a bad throat, a "mal du gorge formidable."

Alison Mulcaster was a sentimentalist masquerading as a modern hard-boiled realist. She scourged herself disproportionately to the music. In the interval she made the obvious excuse to her host and hostess and found her way to the green room. Of course, they refused her admission. She was neither Press, management, nor artiste.

In the end she was so insistent and such a bore that they extracted Kamolatch's manager. He was Yugo-Slavian from Ragusa, but he spoke perfect English. To him Alison explained that she was an old school-friend of Mr. Young, who happened to be passing through Geneva, was desolated to hear of his illness when she had expressly attended the concert to observe his progress. What hotel was he staying at? Might she go and see him?

The compere was charming. Mr. Young was by way of being a protegé of Madame Kamolatch's, he explained courteously. The Young was a charming person, a charming voice, but frail, delicate; a tiresome but adorable gift of a voice—but not, he thought, for concert use, too uncertain; and then, the young man was poor. Terribly poor, Madame Kamolatch's manager explained candidly.

The next morning when she called at Charles Young's hotel he had already left Geneva for London, with his throat, she gathered, still "formidable."

From the sympathetic hotel staff she obtained the address to which his letters were to be forwarded.

It was a mean street in Soho.

When she got back to London she called one day to see his landlady. It was, from some aspects, an entirely unforgivable thing to do, but she hated the feeling of guilt and contrition she had acquired in Geneva. She could not shake it off. It trailed drearily through her work with Messrs. Bunthorne & Browne, it twisted her small social life with exaggerated personal remorse. There were times when she told herself that a caprice and a temper had ruined Charles Young's musical career.

She was utterly shameless with Charles Young's landlady, but she wanted to be free of this sense of responsibility that blackened her mind. She told the unsuspecting idiot she had been engaged to Charles Young years before, that there had been a misunderstanding, and she still cared for his welfare. She cried a little, miserable, genuine, regretful tears; for this thing which she had done unto Charles Young made her imagination hard and black and bitter. In the end she gave the landlady £5 to settle Charles Young's rent and purchase unexpected nourishment for him.

"Bless you, he'll never notice a spot of chicken broth or an underdone steak on his supper tray," she said. "But his stomach will. It'll stop flapping anyway, miss."

That was the beginning of a course of such tiny, secret reparation monies she passed over to Charles Young's landlady and in return she had news of him. News she corralled in her heart to take out and frighten herself with in the middle of the night.

Charles Young, his little privations, his failure, his struggle and disappointment became Alison Mulcaster's unshakable old man of the sea. She was never free from them.

"He has a rich father who makes pills," Charles Young's landlady explained. "He has cut him off with a pill because of this music bug of his. He wants him to go into the business. He'll never do any *real* good with a throat that plays ducks and drakes with his voice, as you might say. People are always giving him chances and his throat gets bad and mucks them up for him, and then he wants to commit suicide. What's the good of a life like that! Nerves! He's riddled with them! Clean forgot he never paid those two weeks' rent. I waited a week or two after you'd given me the money and gave him the receipt. 'Thanks,' he says. 'I owe you less than I thought, Mrs. Frost. That's good.'"

In the following September and in a Spanish newspaper, of all things, Alison Mulcaster suddenly read the advertisement of a throat pastille to which the great Caruso had pinned his faith. She was so possessed and controlled by the guilt-thought connected with Charles Young's concert at Geneva that she actually sent the money for a box of these pastilles and directions that they should be sent to Charles Young's address in the mean street in Soho.

On her very next surreptitious visit the landlady told her Charles Young was practising day and night at some cheap practice studios and was going to give a concert; a very little one in a private house where there would be several influential critics.

Alison, completely mesmerised and thought-controlled by a man whose voice she had never heard, sent him a little type-written note.

"A friend and sincere well-wisher begs you to take the throat pastilles recently sent to you from Spain. Caruso took them with highly beneficial results."

She realised she was obsessed with him. She realised what was wrong with her. She had no idea how to free herself.

As the night for the private concert drew near she was in an agony of apprehension and terror.

If he succeeded in singing in excellent voice and claiming a laudatory Press, her "guilt sense" would be in part removed. She made herself acquainted with the names and status of the critics who would be there.

One evening, going round as usual to inquire after his throat, she heard Charles Young singing in his room. The voice was of wide range and exquisite purity. She sat on the stairs with the tears pouring down her face.

"Beats anything on the wireless into a cocked hat, doesn't he?" said the landlady, who sat with her and intensely enjoyed her emotion. "Why don't you go and give him a thrill now? I shouldn't be surprised if you two didn't make it up, just before his concert and all. Give him a grand jump off."

At that moment the singing ceased. The bedroom door opened.

"If I met him now I'd die," said Alison in a panic, and fled.

She was there the morning of the concert before 9.30 for a short whispered conference with the landlady on her way to business. He had slept marvellously and had some fruit and a cup of coffee for breakfast. He would rest until noon.

You could not buy tickets for Charles Young's concert. It was in a private house. She must agonise until he returned home and confided the history of it to his landlady.

At seven-thirty, unable to bear it any longer and to end the suspense, Alison went round to Charles Young's mean rooms in Soho.

"Well, how did he go off?" she inquired eagerly.

"He didn't go off," said Charles Young's landlady. "He's upstairs in bed with one of those awful throats; and crying his heart out if you ask me. Some damn fool sent him something for his throat and it snookered him first go."

"It was me again," said Alison wildly, incoherently.

"Well!" gasped the landlady, "of all the lousy tricks. Were you getting even with him? Well, I must say!"

"I *must* see him and confess," was all Alison would say. "I *must* tell him."

She was gone, flying up the stairs on slender, lovely legs.

The door was open. Charles Young's grief was too young, and dark, and desperate to bother about such little things as locked doors.

A huge October moon pushed its broad pleasant-faced indifference almost against the little window; a bright intrusion.

The bed was in a small pool of darkness, and in that pool of darkness Alison, unbearably moved, emotionally tortured and unstrung, heard someone sobbing bitterly.

She groped her way to that bed and knelt down like an agonised supplicant.

"Oh, Charles Young!" she said. "You've got to know, you've got to know! It is my fault again."

She moved into moonlight, unheeding, unhearing. In the sudden illumination it seemed to Charles Young, as unstrung, as highly emotionalised and unconventionalised by the moment as his unknown visitor, that some charming little madonna knelt there, with black tortured eyes in a small white tortured face.

"I am that filthy English girl the Chief of the Train made you open the window for on the morning of your concert at Geneva," said Alison in a wild "J'accuse! J'accuse!" voice. "I pretended to faint. You remember: '*In the case of dispute about the opening or shutting of the window the Chief of the Train will decide.*'"

"Go on!" said Charles Young.

He could only wonder if, with the full light on her, she would be as lovely as she was in this half light, a strange, unreal, emotionalised moment, of strange, unreal communion and intimacy.

"I'm going to confess to you all I've done," she said. "I've tried to make up in an infantile way."

Out tumbled the desperate, childish, crazy saga of her deception with the landlady, her poor little alimonies, her wild anxieties, her passionate desire to be rid of the "guilt complex."

"It's altered my whole life, that ride from Vevey to Geneva," she said. "Before then I was arrogant and opinionated and insolent and egotistical."

It might have been a confessional, the dark patch beside Charles Young's bed; and as she talked and her tale was told to the white disc of his face, her heart and her conscience lightened. It was a delicious and a miraculous feeling. The very quality of her tears altered, they grew soft, healing.

He put his hand on her dark, curly head, compassionate, understanding.

Then he began to talk. It was as if she set something free in him, something that had festered secretly in a dark place a long while. He told her how much he had been the angry, arrogant prisoner of his own voice and his own vocal delicacy.

"In a way I've wanted to give in a long, long time," he said. "It's been a soul-racking business. My arrogance wouldn't let me. It was my pride and not my art that would not be beaten. My art remains an intermittent private profession."

"But this time," she said, crucifying herself beside him, "you might have got away with it. Those Caruso things I sent you from Spain."

"I thought they were a patent medicine," he said. "I never opened them, my dear. They're on my chest of drawers, Spanish stamp and all. I think it was the oysters my aunt sent me; but it's always *something*; that's why I've quit."

"Then it wasn't me this time," she sobbed. "Oh, thank God it wasn't me this time!"

He put his arms round her.

"My poor, sweet little lady," he said softly. "It wasn't you ever."

"But you *are* Charles Young."

"Certainly I am, but I never was at Vevey. I travelled by air that day to Geneva."

"But I saw your photograph in the paper at Geneva. My friends showed me. It was exactly like the young man in my train."

He said, softly, sweetly, as if he reassured an adored child :

"Was it? Continental newspapers are smudgy affairs at the best of times."

He turned on the light beside his bed.

He was not like the young man in the train.

Laughter

The "PASSING SHOW" Smile Section

"It's my dress shirt, dear—I ran out of paper."

"They all wanted to come, and we could only get one elephant."

"Just as I suspected, nurse!"

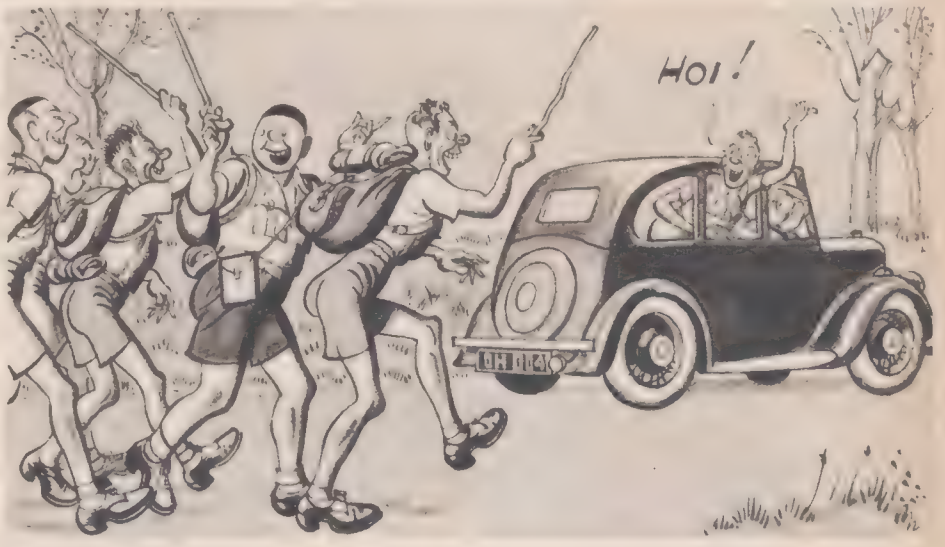
"To-day's Max's birthday."

A study in Futility.

"I signed your autograph book yesterday."
"I know, but please can I have my pen back ?"

A MAN AND SOME HIKERS

by A. C. BARRETT



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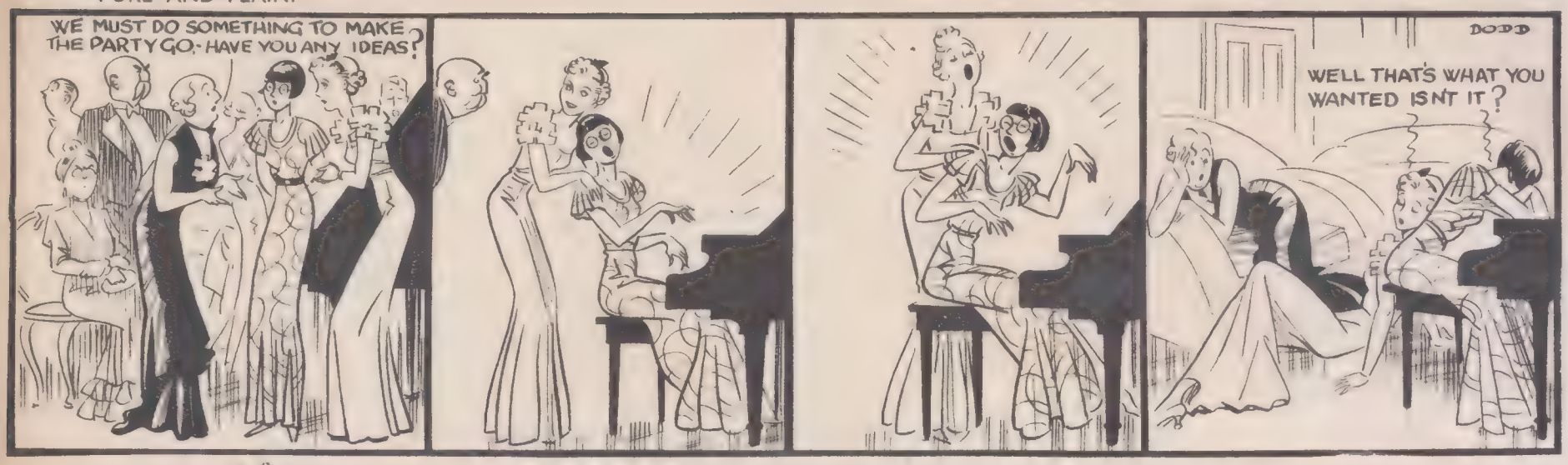


"This one has such a beastly supercilious expression that I put that hat on to take him down a peg."

"It's a good thing we were wrecked with that Japanese acrobat."

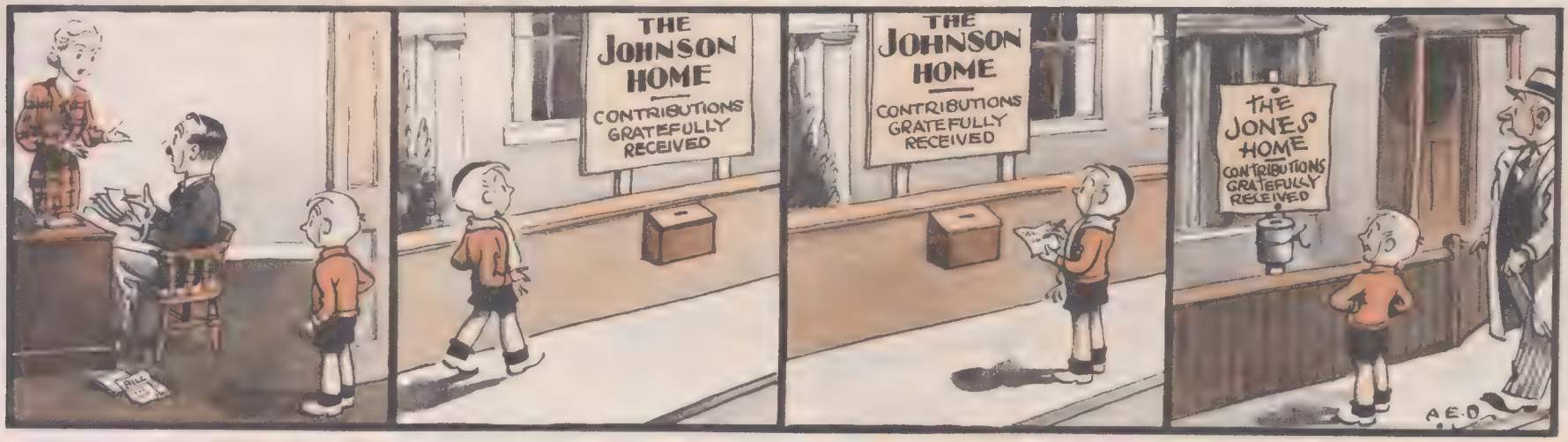
"'E's gone and lost 'is music."

LAUGH WITH THE WORLD

The Optimist.
Humoristicke Listy, Prague.

"Don't put that shovelful on yet, Alf; I want to make myself a bit of toast."
Smith's Weekly, Sydney.

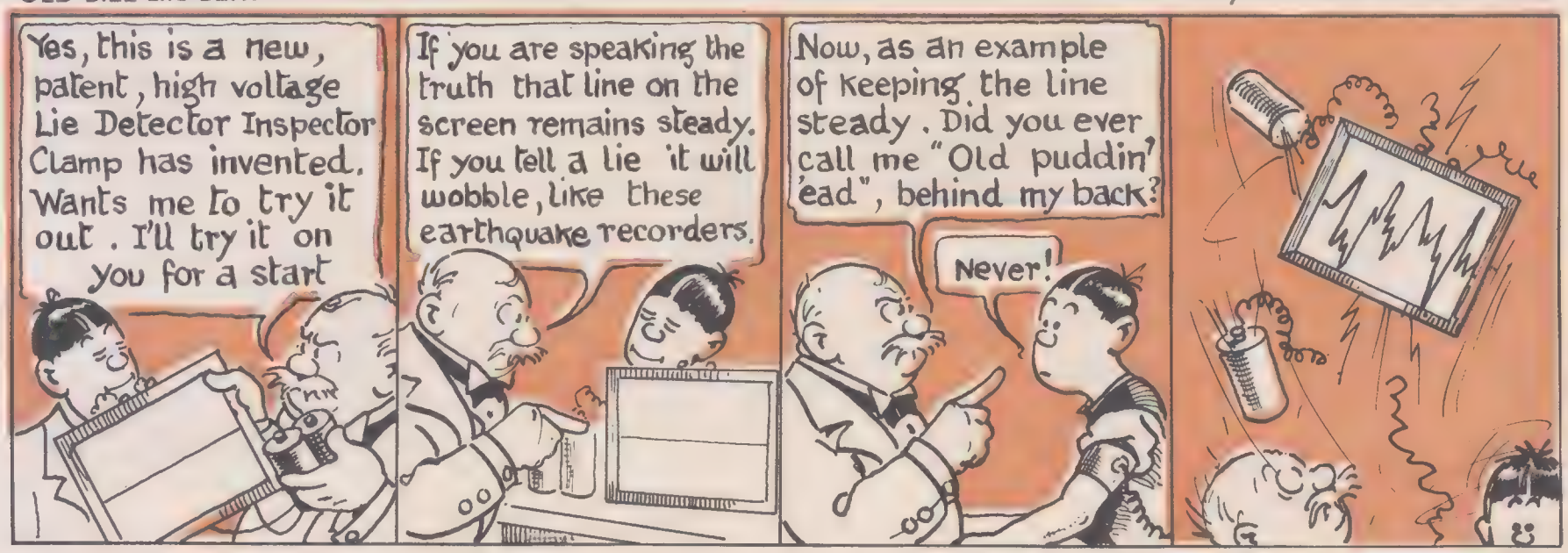
CHIP



Life was looking "real swell"—
Spent his money like a gent
Said "My!—you are a dear gell"
An' went an' went!!

"He's dissatisfied with his work this afternoon, sir."

OLD BILL and BERT — by BRUCE BAIRNSFATHER



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Continuing "The Altar of the Moon"

Our Great Serial by Francis Dickie

TERROR *of the* Thunder Bird

The bear sprang at him, and the old man fell over backwards. The grizzly threw himself upon him.

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN F. CLYMER

READ THIS FIRST

JERRY HARDY, mining graduate, arrives at an old home near Toronto in answer to an advertisement calling for a young man who has nothing to lose but his life. Here Cyrus Merton, crippled mining engineer, relates his story.

While on a prospecting expedition in the British Columbia mountains with his daughter, Janis, and with Hodge, an old-timer, and Williams, a pilot, they settle at a lake near a peculiar shaped mountain peak where Hodge has built two cabins. Hodge falls ill and Janis remains behind to nurse him, while Merton and Williams go prospecting and make a second camp. On their third night there they see in the distance a strangely shaped flame rise briefly from the face of the distant arrow-shaped peak. It appears curiously in conjunction with the rising moon. This sight worries them, causing them to fly back next afternoon to find their cabins and all possessions disappeared. Search reveals the body of Hodge with his head pulled off, evidently by something with appalling strength. There is no sign of Janis.

After being injured when their plane crashes, they return the following season when Williams and another flyer vanish and are never heard of again.

Jerry accepts the job of locating Janis, and he and Louis Warner, a pilot friend of Merton, set off in a specially designed plane and land on a plateau near the peak.

Leaving Louis on guard, Jerry finds a great cave in which he sees about 300 hairy giants engaged in a queer ceremony before a gold quartz altar, on which is bound a woman whom he believes to be Janis. He shoots the two leaders as they are about to light a sacrificial fire, and draws the whole band in pursuit of him.

They follow him to the plane, but Louis flies him back to the peak. Jerry makes a parachute landing, climbs to the altar and releases Janis. She relates her experiences.

NOW READ ON.

"ABOUT three miles away was a great slide on the side of the mountain," continued Janis. "On the clear ground made by these snow slides during the winter and spring, grow bulbs and grass of which the grizzly bear are very fond.

"In hunting the bears these shaggy people have a strange advantage over men when hunting because their sense of smell is as good as that of the animal, and their sight is much better.

"The usual way for them to hunt the grizzly, which are very plentiful in most of the mountains where they travel, is for the young men—there were ten in the first party I went with—to approach one of the slides where the bears feed.

"I'll describe this hunt which was much the same as others I took part in afterwards, except during this one and a few others at the beginning of my living among them, I carried a gun.

"We approached the slide from the valley below. Presently we spotted an old mother bear and two yearling cubs. She was on the slide about half a mile above us, with the breeze coming down from her direction. These mountain winds are terribly variable, and are the chief danger against the success of the wild men's method. Four of the young men made a long detour. All the time as they did so climbing up the slope to get above the grizzlies. There was a long line of scrub balsam going up the valley side, giving them good cover. As they climbed, the six other young men and I, walking about forty feet apart, worked upwards toward the bears. The minute the smaller party got above the bears, the breeze which had held, brought the animals warning. The young men above now came racing into the open with loud yells and came down upon the bears. Had the cubs been younger, the mother would probably have stood and fought. But with the young large enough to guide, flight was the natural course.

"Down the three bears came galloping. The line below, formed by the young men and me, swerved to close in on the bear. Now a .30-.30 carbine is pretty light for grizzly, though it does the trick if you shoot right. As the bears drew within a hundred yards, I stopped, dropped to my knee, took plenty of time.

"My first shot hit fair, well back of the ear into the body—you must avoid if possible hitting a grizzly on top of the head—and finished him. I got the other youngster with the next shot. I raised my gun with the old mother coming straight for me. I was so busy I couldn't see what had happened to the hunters on either side of me. I fired. The shot went low, smashing her right foreleg close to the body.

"What with her speed and coming down a steep grassy slope, she lost her balance. For a dozen feet she slid, her forelegs under her, her nose digging into the dirt. Then she got up. On three legs she came at me. What a sight! Her ruff, I swear, stood a foot and a half above her neck and shoulder. Mouth wide open she came.

"Moving straight at me on fairly level ground she was a good mark, yet at the same time so darned close I lost my head a little. My shot only ploughed along her side instead of into her chest, not even checking her. Her mouth was almost on the muzzle when I fired the next two shots as fast as I could. With her head half blown off she fell at my feet.

"Shaking all over I rose from my knee. Looking around I saw the six hunters running away, while those above the bears had turned and were racing up the mountain side. They weren't afraid of the bears. It was the sound of my 'club' that had terrorised them.

"It was not until half an hour later, after I had gone after them and convinced them by signs there was nothing to fear, that they came back to where the bears were lying. You never saw a more surprised group. At the first report of the rifle they had turned and gone faster at each report, so had seen nothing of the results.

"Naturally they started back with me fully convinced the bears were gone, and they were angry with me till they saw them. Then they walked around and around them. Then came closer. You could see their utter mystification in the way they looked from the bears to me. When they finally examined them their amazement grew, for the wounds were so terrible, so different from those they made with their clubs. By this time the other four hunters from above, seeing their companions gather, came down.

"I was already in their good books. I came back from this hunt queen of the camp, if ever there was one.

"Having little use for furs, the hairy men usually threw away the skins. They tore them very badly when taking them off. I saved these, taking them off carefully by aid of my hunting knife. At camp I rubbed salt into them. When they were dry I got two of the young men to work the skins over a pole till they were soft. That made my cave luxurious. I was going up in the world.

"From these bears I got material for three footballs. However, I only made one to start. When I had blown up the bladder, I put a piece of deer skin around it, sewing it roughly together with cedar bark cord.

"They say that bread and circuses kept the early Roman public happy. That first football among the hairy men did more than that. I began in the forenoon with the kids, kicking it around for them a few times to give them the idea. By noon the whole tribe was out there on the level floor of the valley. Yelling, kicking, running, old and young, they chased the ball for miles. They kept at it till dark. Next morning at daylight they were at it again.

"For days they did nothing else but chase that ball around. They kept it up neglecting everything, until there was no more food in the camp. Then at last the tribal fathers had a glimmer of common sense return. They took the ball and put it in the corner of the cave of the leader. After that the ball was only allowed out at intervals.

"When it broke I made them another. It was such a high spot in their lives, that I put up goal posts in the valley, and organised two teams. But this confined the play to only a few. The first game only got started when all the others forgot to be spectators and joined in. The ball was driven the length of the valley, with four hundred of them, from nine to ninety, after it."

Jerry gazed at her with the same light of tremendous enthusiasm and admiration which shines in the eyes of baseball fans when looking upon a pitcher who has just won a world series, or the footballer who

(*Continued on page* 30)

Get that Spring feeling of GO

● It is just now when the whole of Nature is "wakening up" that you should be enjoying that precious feeling of "GO" in keeping with the season. To be sure of your share of this lively activity, you should help your system to supply it. And one sure way to do this is to have Shredded Wheat every day. Into this popular whole wheat food Nature has crammed a wealth of vital elements which form the source of new vigour and health. And not only is Shredded Wheat a delightful food to eat—hot or cold—sweet or savoury—it affords a great economy in time, work and preparation. Always ready to serve, it gives you your full share of food-value, health-value, and "GO."

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Continuing

TERROR *of the* THUNDER BIRD

has kicked the winning goal for the championship.

"You're good, you sure are! Imagine, sports instructor to cave men! If you'd had a pack of cards, I'll bet you'd have taught them whist."

"Oh, no. Now there's contract bridge, even a hairy man would find whist a bore."

"You certainly weren't bored, anyway. And, talk about the Gold Dust Twins—you sure brought sunshine into the lives of those wild men."

"Yes. They got very fond of me. And I liked them. I don't even hold it against them making me a sacrifice. They couldn't help that. It was something stronger than their good feelings toward me, a part of their nature worship they couldn't go against. And, besides, it was by way of being an honour.

"Even the very fact that I was so useful, that I did so many things, got big quantities of meat for them at times, doctored them up as long as the medical kit lasted, made them sport conscious, all only doomed me the more. For, you see, according to their way of looking at it, the more valuable the sacrifice made to the moon, the more favour it gave them with the goddess.

"For them the moon was feminine, contrary to the way of thinking of many primitive and even highly civilised races in old times that I have read about, who regarded the moon as masculine. To them I was the biggest opportunity in the way of a sacrifice they had ever had. There was nothing could save me. That's another reason, I suppose, they were so good to me."

"Sorta nursing you along, fattening you up for the big time to be had by all."

"The days kept slipping away. All that first summer I waited, listening every day for the sound of a plane. I couldn't understand it. For right at the start, we were only a little distance on our way back to the summer camp from the ceremonial when I saw the plane carrying father and Williams flying, and knew they had returned to the camp on the lake where the cabins had been. The next evening I again heard the plane, but this time it was droning away north west, suggesting a return to Harrison. This apparent desertion left me utterly puzzled.

"Of course, the hairy men heard the plane. They had seen it several times during the first observation flights. Later on, of course, when I had mastered the language, I was better able to get an idea of many happenings and of certain of their actions. You see, curiously enough, while they were afraid of the plane, they knew all about it from their ancient legends about a gigantic bird they call the 'Thunder Bird.' None of them had ever seen this bird before, but they recognised it at once because it was making the same noise it did in the heart of the mountains during the time of storm. While this bird had never been seen or heard at close range in the memory of the oldest among them, its appearance aroused great excitement and talk. One thing: it wasn't good luck for the bird to see you.

"Thus, whenever they heard it coming, they all took carefully to cover. That was why the next year when Williams and his partner made their first observation flights, the tribesmen always kept hidden. They even ran to my cave and put out my fire several times, even though the plane did not fly very close. Naturally the observations came to nothing. It is such a tremendously big country.

"I kept a diary. I worked hard learning the language. Of course I didn't know I was to be a sacrifice. There was one young woman, Vesus, who took a special liking to me. She is the most intelligent as well as the best looking of them all. I got her to come and live in my cave to help me with the language. With her I learned twice as fast as I had previously.

"In September the tribe travelled about a hundred miles to the winter quarters. The journey was like a wonderful dream. All around tremendous snow-capped peaks. We went through wide valleys and narrow ones; along the sides of terrific gorges at the bottom of which streams roared, white, swiftly moving, awesome in their cavernous depths. There were countless waterfalls. Some fell in thin streams thousands of feet.

"All the time we climbed higher toward a certain divide. We walked in and above the clouds. The shaggy people must have been going back and forth for a very long time judging from the well-made trail. We came to a very high point. It was another world. Hundreds of miles of jagged mountain tops, gleaming snow and glaciers with, showing through in places, great black masses of rock. It was like a tremendous stormy ocean suddenly frozen into such an immensity of stillness it almost took your breath away at the vastness, the awful, cruel grandeur.

"At this very high point two spirelike peaks, slightly dividing at the shoulders, formed the very narrowest opening, the only entrance to a wonderful walled-in valley far below, but still of great altitude. Beyond the narrow opening the rock face sheered down terribly steep for a few thousand feet to give way to a less steep slope, and finally to a grassy valley perhaps a mile long. Here and there on the floor of the valley bubbled up countless hot springs. Here and there water sprayed fifty feet into the air and sometimes great columns of steam. On the mountain side nearby were many caves. In nearly all of these were pools of sulphur water, some boiling, some hot, some lukewarm. They were from twenty-feet long to the size of a bathtub."

"Steam-heated apartments, hot running water at all hours, eh!" Jerry voiced his admiration. "You were in luck."

"And healthy baths thrown in," Janis added. "You haven't any idea of the wonderful effect of that water. I felt like a new person in a week. I was years younger in no time. I used to bath every day. I'm sure, Jerry, some of those men are two hundred years old. In this deep valley the wind is hardly felt. Even in the coldest weather the springs make it bearable outside. Inside the caves it is always comfortable.

"Of course, to the winter camp I could only bring a few of the lightest kinds of food, so had to go pretty much native. But at that their food is good. And there was lots of it. While part of the tribe went to the valley, about half of the strongest went to the fishing grounds where the salmon in autumn come up from the sea to spawn. The hairy men carried back tons of dried fish. Into the valley many herds of goats and sheep came. So we often had fresh meat. Then they had roots of different kinds and pounded berries.

"Eating, sleeping, hunting, fishing, bathing, the life of the shaggy people is pretty monotonous. The winter ended, we returned to the summer camp at the end of May. It was then that Vesus finally confided to me that I had been chosen as the sacrifice for the following year. If I had been one of them I would likely have known of the honour before this. Except for her telling me, I probably would not have known until the last minute. But Vesus was so much more intelligent than any of the others. Perhaps she thought if I knew it I might try to escape, as I was not one of them. At least, I give her the benefit of the good thought. She never said anything directly—probably it would have been sacrilege to make such a suggestion.

"Well, imagine yourself faced with that thought for a whole year. I had always looked for aid from the outside. Now I determined to make a try on my own. And I was much better fitted, what with my knowledge of the ways of these people. I made up a number of the most easily carried parcels of food.

"After we had been established a short time at the summer camp, I joined a hunting party, carrying a little pack on my back made of these parcels. They were accustomed to my going with them, and made no comment regarding my pack. I no longer carried a gun as the ammunition had long before been exhausted. Instead, I had my bow and arrows with which I had several times brought down sheep and goats.

"This day, as upon the occasion of that other hunt I have described to you, I remained with the eight men who formed the party skirting the bottom of the slide. As it was my plan to slip away at the moment of greatest excitement, it was most important that I be on the end of the line. When we sighted a bear, I tried to edge into this position. But there was one old fellow headed me off. Perhaps it was just accident on his part wanting to be there, perhaps not. Anyhow, on account of my trying, we two had spread away farther than usual from the rest of the line. Suddenly close on my left I heard a roar. The old man beyond me as he stepped over a windfall actually stepped upon a grizzly sleeping there, a mangy old fellow, and probably a bit deaf.

"The bear sprang at him. The old man swung his club right on his snout, the bear's weakest spot. The bear halted a second, then reared up on its hind legs. The hairy men, for all their enormous strength, are no match for a full grown bear. This one was a whopper. The old man started to back away, forgetting the log. He went over it backwards. The grizzly threw himself forward upon him. The old man's tremendously long arms reached up, closing his fingers on the bear's throat with his right hand. With his left he hugged in close, winding his long legs low down to hold the bear's lower ones from working up and ripping. Locked together the two rolled on the moss. The bear had the best of it. With his foreclaws he lacerated the hairy man's back, though the man's right arm held off the seeking jaws.

"I kept close, arrow fitted ready. They kept rolling over and over upon a few feet of ground so furiously that I dared not shoot for fear of hitting my companion. Presently they came against the log. Their progress halted with the grizzly on top. I drove the arrow straight into his heart.

"While the fight had been going on the others, from whom we had got farther away than usual, and who at the moment of the fight's beginning had been entirely occupied with another bear started from above, had not realised what was going on. I ran and got them where they had killed their game. The old fellow was in bad shape. So, what with fixing him up a little and getting him back to camp, I let the best chance I ever had to escape be driven quite out of my thoughts.

"Though I tried again and again after that, always there seemed to be one of the tribe close to me. Naturally, with the most magnificent sacrifice ever in their possession, they weren't taking any chances of offending the moon goddess."

"It came time for the tribe to start for the ceremonial of the girl chosen for that year. At this ceremonial, I, as the sacrifice for the next year, would be sprinkled with the blood of the victim whom I was to succeed. It was while we were on our way to this ceremonial that Williams and his partner flew very close to us. Always the tribe took to cover at the first sound of the machine, and kept well concealed until it was far away.

"This continued appearance of what the tribe thought was the Thunder Bird of their legend, caused great speculation among them, though I did not learn as much as I would have liked. From what I learned from Vesus, it seemed even the older men who conducted the ceremonials could not quite agree upon the meaning.

"As always, the tribe moved to the wood surrounding the lake to get fuel for the altar fires. Just as they previously had spotted our smoke, they saw that of Williams and his companion. I question very much if at the moment they saw any connection between the men and the Thunder Bird.

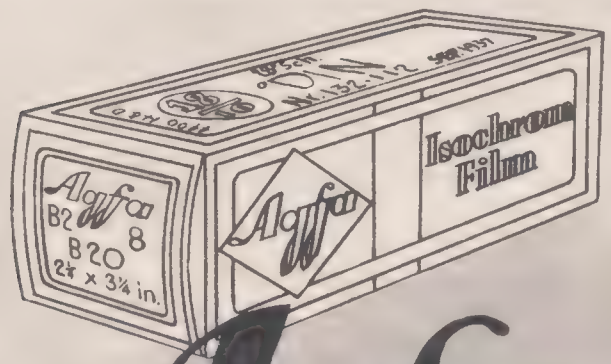
"What exactly happened I don't know. Eight of the hunters crept into the balsams. It was early morning. When they returned they brought the bodies of the two men. They had taken off their clothes—they couldn't get into them, but they liked to tie the garments around their bodies as ornaments. They had taken off their heads, because by doing this they believe they cut the spirit in half so it can never afterwards bother them.

"It seems, from what I could learn, that only after killing the men did they catch sight of the plane. Immediately upon their return the leaders held a consultation. Then all the tribe went very cautiously down to the lake. Apparently the Thunder Bird when not in flight could be approached. I don't know. How can

(*Continued on page* 32)

Take memory pictures this Easter

The first holiday of the Season—walks in the spring countryside—days by the sea—yachting, golfing, cycling—and of course, a camera loaded with Agfa Isochrom Film to record, whatever the weather all those pleasant scenes and incidents that become memory pictures in the snapshot album.



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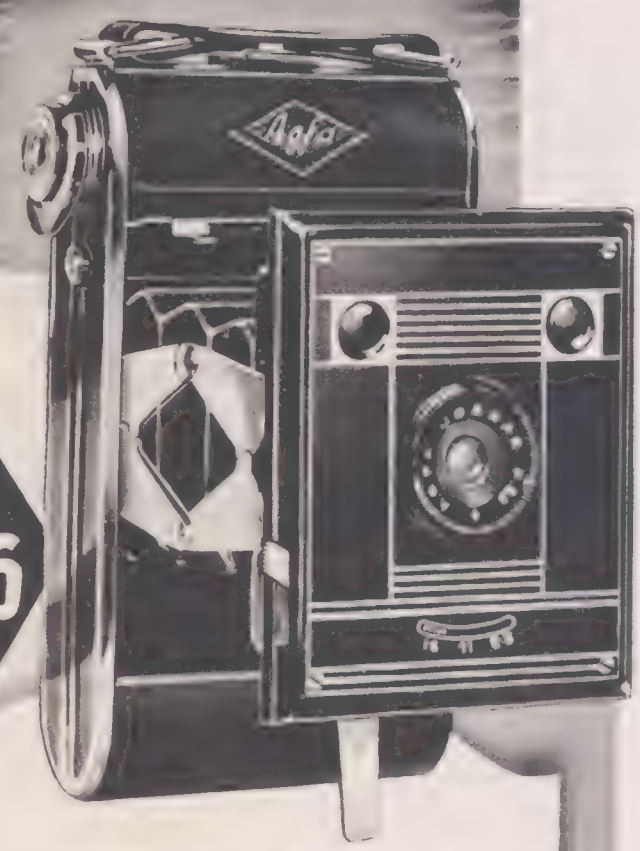

An inexpensive camera. The Speedex Clack No. 51 takes 16 pictures 2¼ x 1¾ on an Agfa 3, 20 roll film. Fitted with f./8.8 Igenar Lens with built in yellow filter for special cloud recording, etc. Opens ready for use on a pressure on the catch . . . Handsome black enamel, chrome and leather finish.

Obtainable from all leading photographic dealers and chemists.

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Make no mistake—children must have the ingredients contained in Walters' "Palm" Toffee if they are to grow up in sturdy good health. As a matter of fact, one of the reasons why children are so fond of "Palm" Toffee is that Nature makes them desire it. For wise Nature knows that growing bodies must have plenty of pure sugar and a goodly amount of Glucose. What a nice way to keep healthy—and how economical, too.

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THEY ARE ALL IN..

"Walters' Palm" REGD

SUPER DEVON Toffee

The Best that mummy can buy!

Walters' "Palm" Toffee Ltd., Acton, London, W.3.

Continuing

TERROR *of the* THUNDER BIRD

a white person's mentality comprehend theirs?

"There floating close to the shore, the pontoons touching the very edge, was the plane. The sight overcame me. I ran down to it, climbed in. The tribe had halted about two hundred feet away. I was astonished after my first step taken they made no attempt to stop me. I still don't understand it. All of them remained unmoving, staring at the machine.

"You can imagine how I felt there aboard the plane."

Jerry, breath coming fast with the wonder of the moment, leaned closer toward her: "Yes . . . yes, and then?"

"My world was but an hour's flight away. This machine beneath me represented life, liberty, civilisation, everything—" She stopped, choked even at this distant moment by the powerful emotions evoked by the memory of this incredibly brought about opportunity.

"Yes. Yes, and then?" Tensely Jerry waited.

"Why, of course," Janis exclaimed, returning to her normal self and the present moment, "father probably never mentioned it. I didn't know how to fly. Williams was going to teach me later, but at the time every day was precious and, as there didn't seem any immediate necessity.

"So there I sat in the plane with the bitterest heart I've ever known. Then a cheering thought came. If the hairy men were afraid of the machine, why, all I had to do was to sit tight in it and wait. I staked all my hopes that another machine would come quickly, not knowing father's arrangement they were to report weekly, and that they bad just recently returned.

"In the tail of the plane there was the usual emergency box. There was food enough for quite a few days if I ate sparingly. One of the men had left his flying coat. In it were two boxes of cigarettes. I made myself comfortable. For awhile the tribe remained watching. But the time was near for the ceremony and there was a lot to be done. By noon they all left. However, I didn't take any chances. I stayed right in the machine day after day.

"You can see me there listening hour after hour for the sound of another plane. By the end of the week I was a shaky wreck. When ten days had gone, the food was ended. Somebody must come soon. I hung on for five more days of agony without a morsel of food. Though I had drunk deeply of lake water—they say water helps when you are starving—I couldn't stand it any longer.

"In all this time not a sign of one of the shaggy people. But I hadn't taken any chances. Now I remembered that on the open country beyond the strip of balsam there were quite a few of those funny little animals called "whistlers." The correct name, I believe, is marmot. I thought I might snare one of these with some fishline I found in the pilot's coat. So I staggered out and went along the path Hodge had cut.

"Just as I stepped out into the open, I saw two of the hairy men sitting near the trail. It was as if they had been expecting me. They rose quite unhurriedly, came to me, fell in step on either side, smiling and touching me lightly on the top of the head with the right hand in the way they greet each other. They each carried a cedar bag. I knew there must be provisions in them. After walking a few steps, I sat down and asked for food. When I had eaten, they rose and urged me very gently to go forward. I went very slowly. We did not travel far that day or any of the next ten which we took to reach the summer camp. I was numb, dazed, my spirit broken.

"On my arrival at the camp, Vesus took charge of me. She had always seemed very fond of me. Now she tended me like a mother. From what she told me. I gathered the tribe had been very much mystified at the Thunder Bird remaining. That I had gone to it, I was surprised to note, was taken as a matter of course. It was apparent at once to them that there was some strange connection between the Bird and myself. They had left two of the young men to await the outcome. But not feeling right under the eyes of the Bird the two had remained at the head of the trail. That I had come back due to starvation, I'm sure, never entered their heads.

"And that's about all I need tell you, except, perhaps, that I made many exciting trips with parties seeking quartz for the altar. How they do work for it! It's wonderful, wandering with them among those mountains, valleys opening out mysteriously here and there, strange peaks, rivers that disappear, caves where the wind plays weird music.

"That was my life in the summer and winter camps until our arrival here two days ago when I was to burn upon the altar in honour of the moon goddess. With preparations almost finished for the ceremony, your plane was heard. The hairy men were very much excited. I tried to get from Vesus some idea of what the others were thinking, but she was so cast down she would not talk. You and Louis must have arrived at the foot of the ladder just as the last of the tribe were gathered on the ledge waiting for their turn to go through the tunnel into the cave.

"Hope is wonderful; it makes you believe in the apparently impossible. Even when I was lying bound on the altar with only minutes to last, I still hoped, crazy as it seemed there could be any possible chance. Then your shots, and all the hairy men charging after you. I suppose you thought they would be frightened by the noise of your automatic. But they'd heard me shoot before, and knew the coming of the mysterious death."

Jerry rose, threw more boughs upon the fire. The moon had waned. Every minute the sharpening light of a new day made clearer the opening behind the altar.

"What do we do now, Jerry?" Janis, after so long acting upon her own initiative, surrendered to his guidance.

"As soon as it's fully daylight, I want to examine the cliff face beyond that opening back of the altar. Louis was to make a landing last night if possible on this side of the mountain, for, after I was in this cave the first time, I saw a possibility for getting you away once the hairy men could be led away, and if I could get back to you. Louis was to make a landing, if the moonlight proved bright enough to show a safe one. If not, he was going to fly to the lake and at daylight take off from there and land as near here as possible. As we haven't heard a sound by now he must have been able to make a landing nearby last night. He is to fire two shots at six o'clock, and after that every half hour until nine if he thinks his landing is where we cannot see him. If he is too far away he will smoke signal.

"While I've never examined closely this side of the peak, I am hoping it's not too sheer for us to get down. If it offers nothing but a straight drop, then there're these two parachutes. We make a run and a leap through that opening. But I'm hoping it's similar to the other side. In another ten minutes it will be bright enough to make a survey. Before that you must be better rigged out for travelling. You'll need your hands for other things than holding a blanket around you. We're not bothering about false modesty; it's a question of saving you from sharp rocks. Before I quit the plane I thought of this, so I put on my sweater coat, for when I first came I was travelling light. I've got on very heavy wool combinations. I can spare you my trousers, sweater and stockings. The stockings will save your feet."

Leaving the clothing for her to get into, Jerry walked to the narrow high opening back of the altar.

Beneath his feet the peak sheered down nearly straight to a narrow ledge, a drop certainly less than that from the ledge on the opposite side. Below this ledge the face of the peak, while still fairly sharp of incline, presented a much broken surface, down which an active person could go. The slope from below this ledge fell away some two hundred feet to end on a final wider ledge which rapidly broadened out until it was almost a plateau.

Looking upon the two hundred feet of climb to the ledge, Jerry realised why the hairy men had chosen the other side as an approach to which the foot of the peak could be most easily reached. The plateau, some two hundred and fifty feet below, he examined with great care. After broadening out it maintained an even width of perhaps a hundred yards and ran for about a sixteenth of a mile, forming a connecting link between the peak and the main shoulder of the mountain.

While from his high vantage point Jerry could not be sure, a growing conviction came that on that plateau the plane could make a landing, and stop with enough yardage left in front of it for a take off. It would need nerve and split hair judgment. Yet what a chance; all they would then need to do at their leisure would be to take the altar of the moon piece by piece, carry the precious quartz to the opening and toss them to the beginning of the plateau below, from there to be carried and loaded into the plane.

With Janis safe, Jerry's thoughts turned to his own position. There must be at the very least several million dollars worth of gold in that pile. If the plane could land on the plateau, which seemed to him very possible, it was merely a matter of flying away with riches, a few score loads.

The world was suddenly as rosy to Jerry as this gorgeous July morning. He glanced at his watch. It would be somewhat over two hours before Louis would signal. With time to spare, Jerry remembered the half-filled thermos bottle and the rest of the lunch.

Strengthened by breakfast, fired with his vision of a share in the gold from the altar of the moon, Jerry with Janis following, made his way across the cave and through the tunnel entrance and walked to the edge of the ledge.

On a nearby slope they saw all the hairy men gathered. Hardly had they appeared when from the tribe came floating upward a weird chanting. Yet in this the listeners did not sense any expression of baffled rage, hatred or fury. Instead, there was something queerly exalted, a mystic voicing of some nameless ecstasy, of which even Jerry was vividly aware. To Janis, familiar with many moods of the shaggy people, while the chant was somehow different from any she had heard at various times, there was in it a something similar to what she had heard in the songs repeated after a successful hunt, or when the men returned from the salmon streams in autumn.

"Funny creatures. You would expect them to be below the ledge here howling for our blood."

"The main thing is that they are all on this side." Jerry expressed his satisfaction. "They can't know what we are doing. So let's get busy and drag the ladder through and get down the other side."

While Janis lifted the rungs clear of the holding rock upon the ledge, Jerry dragged the end into the entrance. Dropping on hands and knees, and backing, he pulled it slowly through the tunnel. It was heavy and awkward work. With the end once through and into the cave, he was joined by Janis. Together they hauled the cumbrous length, turning it end for end upon the floor of the cave, thus bringing into position the extra length of single strand extending from the ladder which had previously been around the boulders.

Measuring these by spanning with his arms and assured there was enough, Jerry took the end of one of the ladder ends, Janis the other. Drawing these around either side of the altar they walked toward each other, hauling as they went. There was just sufficient of this extra length to allow of tying the ends. Tearing up the blanket into wide strips they wrapped the strips about the line where it came in contact with the edges of the quartz, for many descents and ascents would eventually have to be made in the future getting out the treasure, and so every precaution must be taken against cutting the rope.

Very slowly they let down the ladder over the cliff side. It touched the first ledge with many feet to spare.

NEXT WEEK:

Louis to the Rescue

"The holiday that has everything"...

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Glorious

Whether you take your pleasures indolently, basking on golden sands that fringe a sea of Mediterranean blue ; or energetically, striding across vast expanses of yellow and purple moorland ; or inquisitively, delving into glories of the past ; or joyously, exploring enchanted combes and strangely winding lanes . . . Devon offers you facilities for making holiday in profusion as rich as its own cowslip-yellow cream.

Holiday this year in Devon . . . for the storing-up of memories that will enrich many years to come.

BEFORE YOU GO

Obtain these two books :—" GLORIOUS DEVON " by S. P. B. Mais, price 1/- (2/6 bound)
" HOLIDAY HAUNTS " 1936, containing Holiday Addresses, etc. (price 6d.)

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Cheap 1st and 3rd Class Weekly Holiday Season Tickets will enable you to see the best of the county.

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10 for 4D 15 for 6D 30 (in box) 1/-
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Woman to Woman

The MAKE-UP

"A LITTLE brilliantine, madame? We have a special one for your particular shade. You should try our new 'Rosy Dawn' powder. It is perfect with that 'Sunset Cloud' rouge and lipstick."

The High Priest in the Temple of Beauty gives the disciple a final blessing with his comb, anoints her with perfume, and departs. The ordeal is over.

While she admires in every mirror the glistening waves and curls, the unaccustomed radiance of face and rosy-pink finger nails, attendants sweep away debris and remove complicated masses of machinery.

Expensive? But, madame, think! The animal, vegetable and mineral world has served you in the making of that dazzling result. That masterpiece of a complexion and rippling permanent wave.

On the contrary, madame, your beauty treatments are remarkably cheap. You do not realise the miracles we have performed or the work necessary to make your day in the Temple of Beauty comfortable, profitable and safe. Yes, madame, safe.

Do you know that your "perm" has used enough electricity to floodlight St. Paul's? To drive a train several miles? To cook a full course dinner for a family of ten?

All for a wave

Permanent waving is now as usual as a visit to the dentist. But next time you go notice the amount of requisites used during the operation. And their variety. You will have an added respect for those who think out ways to make you attractive.

Zinc and aluminium curlers and steel clips. Discs of rubber, chromium and vulcanite heaters. Enough flex to wire up the Albert Hall and string to make a clothes-line the length of Regent Street. Squares of paper and pads of cotton wool. Secret, pungent-smelling compounds, oils and unguents.

No longer an art only, but also an engineering job, the modern "perm." Here is where Britain steps in. Since the invention of perming, not much more than thirty years ago, the best hairdressers have been—not Frenchmen or Germans, not even Englishmen, but Scots!

Would we straighten it?

It was a Scot with a scientific, painstaking brain who invented one of the most successful permanent waving methods on the market.

The British are the leading hairdressers. This accommodating machine "perms" by wireless.

So Britain has reason to bless the "perm." It helped to put her on the hairdressing map.

Last year, we spent over a million pounds on our waves and curls. If we were a kinky-haired nation, we should probably have spent just as much on having our hair slicked and straightened. That is just one of fashion's jokes.

"All that torture and waste of time, just to achieve a few silly waves," grumbles Great-Aunt Agatha.

"But, auntie dear, do you not think that a little unfair? Think, just think, what time you used to waste with curling

He Who Hesitates . . .

MANY men and women have had cause to regret a moment in their lives when they hesitated instead of acting instantly. Most of us like to "look before we leap," but there are occasions when it is unnecessary to look and imperative to leap. Here is a case in point.

Every man with family responsibilities should see that not only himself, but those dependent upon him, are protected against the many dangers and pitfalls of everyday life.

The best way to ensure this is to turn to page 47 and fill up the forms for THE PASSING SHOW's Great Free Family Insurance Gift.

THE PASSING SHOW offers registered readers no less than 37 generous benefits, which cover all those types of accidents that are most likely to happen. For instance, children's accidents, home accidents, accidents during recreation, in the street, and while travelling by rail, sea or air.

Special additional protection is provided for widows, for children belonging to boys' and girls' organisations such as Boy Scouts and Girl Guides, Boys' Brigade, Church Lads' Brigade, League of Youth, Naval or Sea Scouts, etc., and educational grants are made for the continuation of the education of surviving children at a time when this might otherwise be impossible.

If you are not already a registered reader, fill up the forms for THE PASSING SHOW's Great Free Family Insurance Gift on page 47 at once.

by Nancy Debenham

Catering with the enormous demand for cosmetics. Two million pounds was spent on beauty aids here last year.

MILLIONS

irons and hair-pins. Hours and hours, in a draughty bedroom, catching colds and chilblains, while you crimped and frizzed your poor, unprotesting locks. No wonder that, before you were fifty, you had to wear a transfor . . . Oh, all right. I won't give you away. That is the most annoying part about your generation—you resorted to just as many aids to beauty as we do, but you did it in secret."

Actually, it is the banishment of secrecy that has made safe these efforts to achieve beauty. However much Aunt Agatha might deplore them, the modern, complicated beauty treatments, whether for hair, toes, or faces, are sane, sanitary and very much better in every way than her hole-and-corner methods.

No harm done

Rouges, lipsticks, face creams, new roads to beauty and intimate details of safe, sure and speedy ways of improving the figure are advertised in every newspaper and magazine. One slims to music, in company with a dozen other disciples and discusses complexion aids with one's dearest enemies.

In this blaze of publicity, manufacturers are careful to offer their customers only the best.

In the fifteen hundred tons of rouge and face powder, used by British girls and women last year, there was not an ounce of harm.

Modern cosmetics, even if they cost as little as sixpence a box, are guaranteed harmless and made of purest ingredients. Take away their delicate scents, and the popular makes of face powder would, in most cases, make excellent puddings. Cornflour and rice are their chief ingredients.

The tiny bottles of liquid rouge, "guaranteed waterproof and kiss-proof," would do equally well on the kitchen shelf, to be used as colouring matter for icing, when making cakes.

Lipsticks and face creams are pure and delicious enough to eat. Cocoa butter, highly-refined lard and tallow go in their preparation. We used enough last year to feed an army.

This mountain of rouge and powder used in Britain made work for thousands of men and girls. We no longer insist on the magic of a French name, and over fifty new factories were opened here last year for the manufacture of cosmetics.

The value of the output, including powders, rouges, face creams and talcum powders totalled two million pounds.

Hair tonics and brilliantines came to a million pounds, and shampoos another quarter of a million.

"Shocking," says Great-Aunt Agatha. "To waste all that good money on vanity. In my day——"

"Wait, dear aunt. In your day you spent little on beauty products and less still, if you will forgive me for mentioning it, on aids to cleanliness. Take a look at the bill for soaps, tooth powders and bath salts. They have soared in proportion. It is no longer 'fast' for any woman, whether she be seventeen or seventy; a shop assistant, society leader or social reformer, to wear make-up, to have her hair 'permed' and use slimming salts in her bath."

Men do it, too

The only unforgivable sins would be to neglect the bath or forget to brush her teeth or groom her nails. Nowadays, cleanliness and so-called "vanity" go hand in hand. It is the way we have been educated.

So, as well as the huge bills for aids to beauty of skin and hair, we have a national budget of £325,000 for sweetly-scented bath salts and, biggest total of all, nearly a million and a half for tooth pastes and powders.

These amounts are not entirely for women. They are for the whole population. Men have a big share in whacking up the amounts. Although they no longer wear satins and laces, powdered wigs and beauty-patches, men are just as proud of their looks as in the days of the Regency and their bill for shaving soap is not so dusty. A trifle of nearly four hundred thousand pounds! They are responsible for the biggest share of the hair tonic and brilliantine bill and (whisper it) cannot be entirely innocent of responsibility for that little account for powder.

The men's share of expense in Britain's beauty bill has not increased in the same proportion as that of the women. That, however, is not because they are less proud of their looks. It is because they have always spent more. With women, spending money at hairdressers, and in elaborate "facials" and massage are new extravagances. There were "Beauty Parlours" for men long before there were any for women.

Men have always been used to buying their "beauty" by the ton, but with women it is still an adventure

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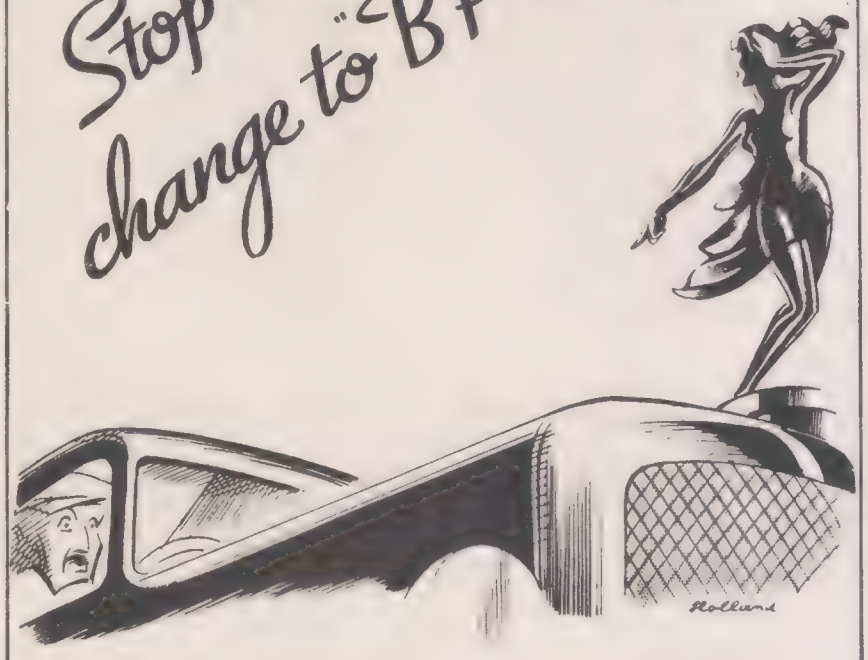
SERVICE for Women Readers in housecraft, mothercraft, dress, beauty and all practical feminine problems is free from the Advice Service, "The Passing Show," 31, Bow Street, London, W.C.2. Enclose a stamped envelope with your query.

Stop this pinking—change to "BP" Ethyl



Pinking, or knocking, is due to your petrol not being up to the task you set your engine. It is a warning which you neglect at your peril: it leads at once to loss of power and in the end, to overheating and serious trouble. "BP" Ethyl not only cures the symptoms, but removes the cause.

"BP" ETHYL

BANISHES PINKING

BP ETHYL

Eye bath every day -do you?

The Special Optrex Eye Bath. Free with every bottle.

Eye do! says
GRANDMOTHER

Grandmother's eyes are not as young as they were, but her daily eye-bath with Optrex has been wonderfully successful in keeping them up to the mark. She finds she can still read normally without strain or headaches, and Optrex enables her to keep perfectly normal vision with the aid of her glasses. As she says, "my eyes are as old as they feel, and that is about twenty years younger than they have any right to be."

Do YOU get headaches?
A famous eye specialist reveals that unsuspected eye-strain is the hidden cause of most headaches. Try bathing the eyes with Optrex night and morning for two or three weeks.

Styes!

These very painful little swellings quickly yield to the mild hygienic action of Optrex. Bathe the eye with Optrex hourly until the pain diminishes.

Wrinkles round the eyes! Redness! Irritation! Hatred of bright lights!

Foreign matter and impurities cause redness, irritation, watering, gummed-up lashes. Clear and purify your eyes with an eye-bath of Optrex once or twice a day. Optrex is based on plant extracts, and is safe even for the youngest baby. Spectacle wearers and the elderly most particularly need it. Doctors and Opticians everywhere use and recommend it.

Whether you wear glasses or not, you should have your eyes examined at regular intervals by a Qualified Practitioner.

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EYE LOTION

On sale at all chemists at 2/-, 3/9 (triple size), and 8/- (family size) with free eye-bath.

For interesting illustrated booklet "The Care of the Eyes," full of vital information, please write to Dept. P.4, Wilcox, Jozeau & Co. Ltd., North Circular Road, London, N.W.2

Short Story by S. L. Bensusan

The sinister words were displayed on a fourth poster outside the Wheatsheaf.

MAN *in* *Red Shirt*

"THE LIGHTHOUSE," as the cottage on the hill-top is called, has suffered many vicissitudes. It started life as a small farmhouse in what must have been miscalled the spacious days of great Elizabeth, since no doorway is more than 5 ft. 8 in. high.

It became two farm workers' cottages for generations, losing all save forty rod of ground, then it was bought by a week-ending furriner and handed over by him "tempor'y like" to an artful Delilah, who persuaded Mr. Sampson Scrapper, the neighbouring farmer, to sell several surrounding fields that he had refused to part with on any account. The same completed, the furriner reappeared and gave tennis parties on Sunday afternoons in summer time until Mr. Scrapper, fearing lest the Recording Angel might hold him responsible, trembled for the safety of what he calls his "sowl." Mr. Playfair was generally unpopular, for Mr. Scrapper had denounced him far and wide.

There came a summer when the furriner "no more to do but bin an' went to furrin parts aboard a ship" and let The Lighthouse—let it to a large man of early middle age, who went about coatless and hatless in a red shirt and hailed all and sundry with a familiarity that would have been hard enough to condone if he had belonged to the district.

He spoke excellent English, but said his name was Nicholas, which as we all know is "same as Rooshun." Fortunately, Maychester is quick on the uptake; indeed, nothing less than this gift could keep it on the map, invaded as it is by land and sea. Before the week was out, everybody knew that a Bolshevit was going about like Apollyon.

Fond mothers promptly dared innercent children to go past The Lighthouse; round the pump they deplored in bitterest terms the absence of adequate police protection; in the Wheatsheaf and other houses of repute folk agreed that it was a wonder, a piece, or "a sin an' a shaime."

And one morning Maychester woke to find four posters staring it, so to speak, in the face. The first was on the Hard, fixed to the blank wall next to Mr. Spitty's; the second was on the wooden gate next to Mr. Blade's house; the third was on the disused hoarding by Mr. Barrow's shop, the last glowed outside the Wheatsheaf. Each one revealed in red letters on a black ground the sinister words, "Workers of the World, Unite."

P.C. Ruffead, hastily "summonsed," as we say, communicated by telephone with Market Waldron, whose aged superintendent, a man who must have had far too many Red corpuscles in his blood, is said to have replied brusquely, "Well, what of it?" He added that those who wished to do so might remove the offence and that P.C. Ruffead might make enquiration to find out who put them up.

"Bein' we ain't never had red posties, ne yet men with red shuts in these here parts," said Mr. Trout the Thatcher, "you don't wanter ast who done it."

But Mr. Nicholas who, by the way, claims to follow the useless and degraded profession of picture painting, declared that he had not put the posters up and added that even if he had done so, it would have been no offence, since if the workers of the world wish to unite, there is nothing, so far as English law is concerned, to prevent them.

The odd thing is that P.C. Ruffead stayed some time in The Lighthouse; three innercent children, directed by their parents, were occupying points of vantage, for it was holiday season, so everybody knew all about that visit.

"Ah!" said Mr. Barrow on the following evening, when the tide of week-end shopping flowed in his direction, "we all know them Bolshevits got forever o' money. A p'liceman's same as any other man; *he wants extries.*"

"But what them Bolshevits wanter gi'e folk money fower, Master Barrow," inquired Mrs. Minnie Lay, whose head is not really sound.

"If I wanted to start cuttin' folks' throats an' murderin' 'em in their beds," said Mr. Barrow with dignity, "I'd no more to do but set things right along o' th' p'lice in th' fust place."

"I don't believe it," cried Mrs. Lay. "I've lived here all me life an' nobody bin an' murdered anybody hereabouts."

"There never wore Bolshevits nowheres till a few year agoo," Mr. Barrow replied imperturbably. "Folk ha'n't took to murderin' one another. You wait an' see."

Everybody waited; they could do no other, and on an evening in the following week a large man with long red beard, wearing the strangest of hats and high boots, was seen leaning over a stile near The Lighhouse.

The news spread. A dozen people sawhim and the most observant noted that he did not appear to be wearing trousers, but a long coloured garment "most same as a shut" that met the top of his boots. Clearly this was no civilised or Christian man. None had seen him arrive; he had not come on the sharrybang from Chemchester, the carrier had encountered nothing resembling him.

Mr. Trout, accompanied by the Tempor'y Man, Mr. Runt and the Man from

(*Continued on page* 38)

Are you slack at your work?

Tired before you start—apathetic about your work—woolly-headed and unable to concentrate — are these your symptoms too? Probably you are suffering from "Night-Starvation." Remember that the mere act of sleeping uses up energy which must be replaced. If it is not replaced you wake up tired, your work and your happiness suffer.

Horlick's taken regularly at bedtime guards against "Night-Starvation" — it replaces burnt-up energy while you sleep. You wake up with new reserves of vitality and power. Horlick's is very economical — the milk is already in it. Just add water. Prices from 2 -. Also the Horlick's Mixer, 6d. and 1 -.

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Conway Stewart Pen

The Pen of Pens

Continuing MAN *in Red Shirt*

Mudford, called at The Lighthouse; Mr. Nicholas asked them in and inquired their business. Mr. Trout told what they had seen and the furriner looked "reg'lar oneasy." "That will have been Popoff," he muttered more to himself than them.

"A Rooshun," cried Mr. Trout.

"I don't know," cried Mr. Nicholas. "There are brigands in Montenegro and Albania too—and blood feuds."

"Same as brigan's," said the Man from Mudford nervously, "an' blood what d'ye callums."

"Is that you he's arter?" demanded Mr. Trout.

"Don't ask me," cried the furriner. "I don't want to talk about it." He looked round the room, obviously afraid.

"I count we mos't better be gooin'," suggested Mr. Runt.

"You wouldn't like to stay?" inquired the furriner. "I've beer in the cellar," he added seductively.

"Nit be no means," cried the Tempor'y Man, sudden fear conquering thirst. "We got our wives an' families an' sech."

"Then I'll stay here alone, and face it," cried Mr. Nicholas desperately.

His visitors are undoubtedly brave men, or they would not have ventured to The Lighthouse at all, but they did not stay upon the order of their going. They did not run; perhaps it would be correct to say they trotted, and rumour passing through marshland spoke of the near moment when the dead body of the man Nicholas would be found after many days' search.

But on the following Saturday night the furriner came to Mr. Barrow's store with a large matting basket, bought groceries and asked Mr. Barrow if he kept vodka. Mr. Barrow, though deeply versed in all things connected with business, was forced to refer to a catalogue.

"I don't keep sech things in stock," he said at last with dignity, "bein' we don't drink 'em hereabouts. But I kin git ye a bottle."

"Oh, don't trouble," replied Mr. Nicholas. "*I'll wait till I go to Moscow.*"

With the exception of the vodka, he appeared to have found his spirits. He was to be seen in all sorts of old-fashioned places painting what are called "pitchers," while innercent children remained afar and nervous mothers complained to husbands. At last Mr. Trout could stand the suspense no longer and seeing the furriner painting a picture including a hay rick he had lately thatched, went boldly up to him.

"Touchin' that Rooshun, beggin' y'r pardon," he began.

"Albanian," said the red-shirted man. "Albanian, incendiary, revolutionary, wanted by the police of half Europe."

"Folk about here think he bin up at yours," said Mr. Trout pointedly.

"Ah!" cried the Bolshevit, and as Mr. Trout is prepared to swear, he no more to do but opened his mouth an' showed all his teeth. "*Dead men tell no tales.*"

"Same as dead men," gasped Mr. Trout, and went his way hurriedly.

In the Wheatsheaf that night Mr. Woodpecker shed a gleam of light.

"Time them furriners fall out, stiddy th' one killin' th' t'other, th' t'other killed him. You mark me words, they'll find th' body. I've read a piece in th' piper, many's th' time. There's whiles they bury it an' there's whiles they put it in a gre't 'ole box an' leave it in th' rilw'y station. D'ye think he'd be gooin' about all over th' place paintin' his pitchers bowd as brass, if that man wore still arter him?"

"He don't look like a man what's murder anybody, except it's his red shut," ventured Mr. Runt. "I happened of him t'other arternoon time he wore comin' home with his pitcher, an' he spoke me civil."

"You can't trust 'em," said the Tempor'y Man, "leastaways not Rooshuns. They kill one another reg'lar."

"If he bin an' killed anybody," prophesied Mr. Trout darkly, "they'll send two arter him, stiddy one. You wait an' you'll see."

There was another sensation in store, but it was not murder. On the spot where the previous posters had appeared came four others. In black lettering on the familiar red ground were the fatal words, "Lenin. Trotsky," surmounted by hammer and sickle.

"They hit ye on th' head with th' hammer an' then goo cut y'r corn wi' th' sickle." Mr. Barrow's interpretation was final and satisfactory; it surmounted the din of many voices and dissolved all doubts. By his advice the offences were removed as carefully as possible and sent by carrier to the Market Waldron Police Station.

Then that brilliant paper, *The Intelligencer*, responded to the country's need. It called upon its star turn and chief reporter, Mr. Crawler, and he took off his gloves. His leader, "Red Gold and Red Blood," will long be remembered. It began:—

"We call upon the dastardly assassins of Muscovy, upon Lenin and Trotsky and other monsters of iniquity to pause ere they invade our peaceful marshlands. They will find no Kulaks to exterminate, no scions of nobility to debase and despoil; they will meet sturdy Englishmen who will drive their foul hordes back to the native land they have outraged and laid waste."

There can be no doubt about the effect of this stern warning and challenge There were no more posters, no more Albanians—or Montenegrins—or Cossacks—or whatever they were, and one fine day, a week later, Mr. Nicholas packed up his canvases and his portmanteau and stole away like a thief in the night in one of Messrs. Allyn & Brassup's cars, though on this occasion Messrs. Allyn & Brassup filled the role of brigands.

This must have been the direct result of Mr. Crawler's eloquence. He had exhausted himself so completely that he had nothing but silence and contempt for the vulgar letter of Mr. Stillbone, secretary of the United Bargees and Scrap Iron Workers' Union, who suggested that Lenin was dead and Trotsky an exile from Russia. Market Waldron and *The Intelligencer* are not deceived.

"I wholly wonder you ain't ashaimed lettin' Th' Lighthouse to Bolshevits," cried Mr. Scrapper to Mr. Playfair, when they met in the lane. "I bin takin' me gun about along o' me an' if he'd come arter me I'd ha' shot him sure as harvest, an' told th' magistrets why I done it. An' they'd ha' give me right. They do say he murdered somebody who come arter him."

"I shouldn't wonder," admitted Mr. Playfair. "He's a terrible fellow, but he paid his rent."

"An' where he got his money from?" demanded Mr. Scrapper.

"I forgot to ask him," said Mr. Playfair and resumed the even tenor of his life at The Lighthouse as though there were no bloodstains to be seen. But he wrote some three weeks later to his friend, Mr. Nicholas Lorne, whose one-man show at the Loupill Gallery was a great success, and this is a copy of the letter:—

"My dear Nick,

"So glad to read of the result of your venture. I've paid my debts to marshland through you and scored off most of my tormenters at the same time.

"Strong men go about in company or armed, waiting for you or your bitter enemy, the Cossack, to burst upon them.

"If you hadn't chosen to go first as a Bolshy and then as a Don Cossack to the Chelsea Arts, Maychester would have missed thrills.

"The Squire, the Doctor, and the Parson are the only ones who know, and they are pledged.

"From Market Waldron to the Sea I am known as an associate of the World's worst. As a result I am being better served. You've done me good.

"Yours,

"T. P."

Passing Shots

It is claimed for a new cloth that it cannot be torn in laundering. There may be such a cloth, but we doubt whether there is such a laundry.

◆ ◆ ◆

"Many people benefit by the advice of solicitors," we read. Especially solicitors!

◆ ◆ ◆

A novelist maintains that there is nothing so wonderful as a young wife's love. To appreciate this, have another look at that wedding photograph of yourself.

◆ ◆ ◆

"When you want a joint of beef to brown quickly," writes a housewife, "what is the best thing to put in the oven?" The joint of beef.

What it Means to You — *By Francis Williams*

PLASTICS HAVE A MORAL

NEW industries are being born to-day in a succession much more rapid than most of us realise. They are revolutionising commerce, ousting old ideas—and making work.

Consider plastics. This single word covers a whole field of new primary materials that have superseded—or are quickly superseding—older, clumsier, sometimes more expensive goods. Plastics, the product of the laboratory and the scientists' ingenuity, are beating nature at her own game.

Largely by-products formerly undeveloped in any way, often waste (sour milk to buttons is the classic example here), the plastics of to-day can roughly be defined as synthetic, polmerised substances. But that gives no indication of the variety of uses to which they can be put.

Some of those uses include telephones, radios, fountain pens, spectacle frames, instrument dials, timing apparatus on cars, light switches, door knobs, handles, steering wheels, decorative panels—and even gears and mechanical gadgets which, processed by a special method, outlive steel.

All of these things the plastics manufacturer can provide in such a way that there are at least small, and often very big advantages over the materials for which plastics are the substitute: lightness, colour, cheapness, insulating properties.

Bakelite (in and of your wireless set) is strong, serviceable, and holds electricity. Celluloid and cellulose acetate are transformed from cotton into gramophone records, combs, hammers, lamp bowls. Plaskon is moulded into buttons, boxes, bottles, cabinets, frames. Catalin comes largely from carbolic acid.

All these things are comparatively new in their extended industrial uses; and they are far more widely developed in the United States than in this country.

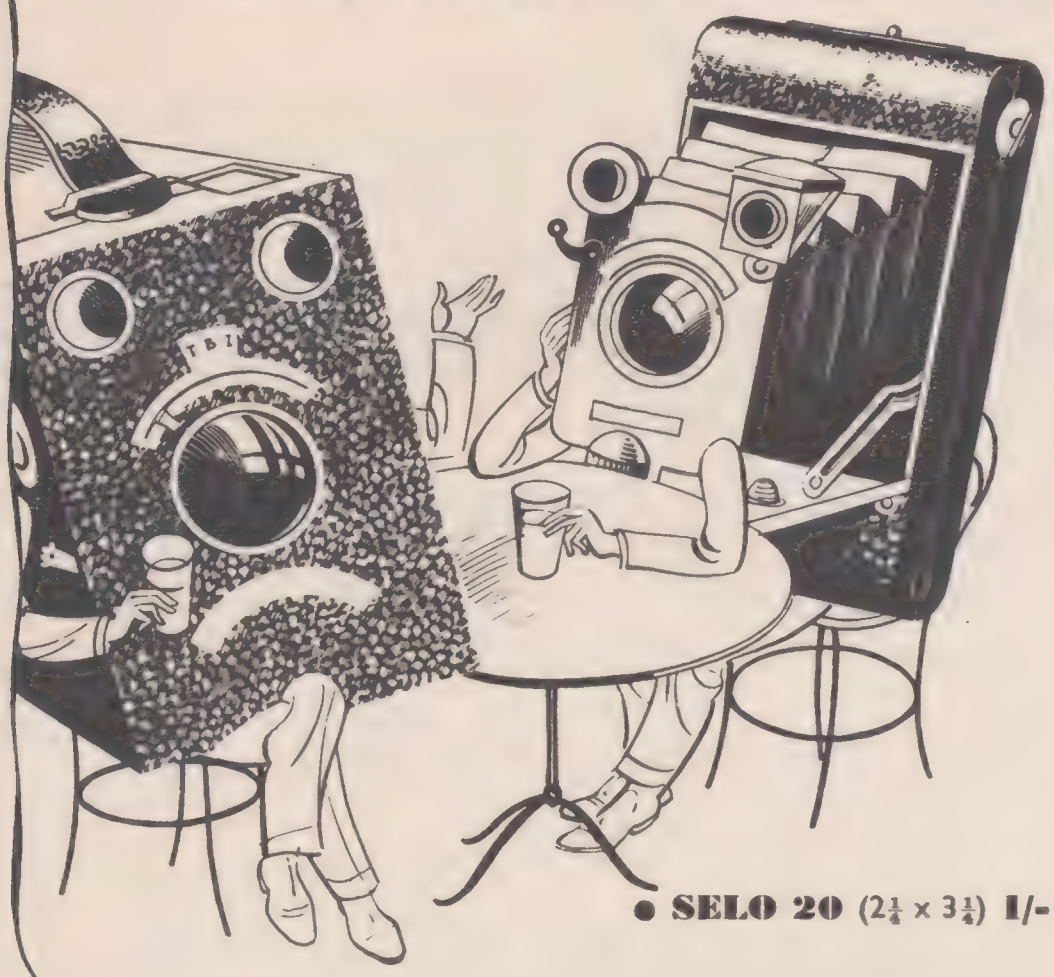
What science is doing as part of a natural process of development, economics is causing as a result of the breakdown in international trade. In Germany, for example, where foreign exchange for the purchase of raw materials abroad is scarce, the scientists, at the express wish of the economists, have set to work to produce more synthetics.

They have replaced cotton and wool by artificial fibres, made a substitute for rubber, which is claimed to be more valuable than the original, and manufactured synthetic petrol. But here there is a difference. Plastics are a new development, superseding the old materials because of their superior qualities; but there is still plenty of *natural* cotton and wool and rubber and petroleum in the world.

In a healthier world economy, scientists would use their learning and ingenuity—by improving upon nature; in Germany to-day they are concentrating on ousting nature—and, in the main, so far, have only been able to produce cheap imitations of her. And all the time the producers of natural cotton and the rest cannot find enough markets for their goods. There is a moral somewhere in all this.

For advice on current economic problems, write to the Economic Advisory Bureau, "The Passing Show," 31 Bow Street, London, W.C.2, enclosing stamped envelope.

"We must have SELO films"



"Here's to the new photographic season," said the Folding Camera. "It's good to come out of one's case again—I'm casting a longing lens on things already." "It's going to be a snappy time for me, too," said the Box Camera. "I took a pretty poor view of things last season with the inferior films they gave me, but now I've got Selo films, you'll have to look to your laurels." "They're quite safe while I get Selochrome," replied the Folding Camera. "You see both films are British made and the Chemists at Ilford have given them speed *and* latitude to make all the difference in the quality of our pictures."

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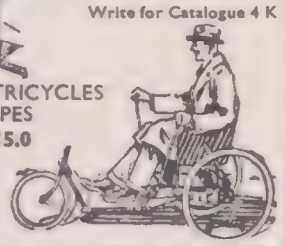

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The fauna will be observed by naturalists much more keenly in 1936 than previously. The illustration above shows a colossal flock of migrating starlings, now considered a pest.

STUDYING NATURE *in* 1936

by Eric Hardy, F.Z.S.

THERE will be little privacy for nature in 1936.

One of the outcomes of a conference which the British Empire Naturalists' Association is calling in London next month will be the formation of machinery for taking a complete annual record of Nature's doings all over Britain, 1936 being the first year such a record is attempted.

The present system (or lack of it) for recording nature's unusual happenings in the countryside is of reduced scientific or popular interest because districts where many nature-lovers live are well-watched and reported on, and districts where few nature-lovers dwell are little studied so that a distorted view of countryside values is given.

The new scheme will alter all this, and partly by volunteers and partly by coercion, the B.E.N.A. will build up a properly spaced system of observers all over the country, its widespread membership giving it the opportunity to do this.

Eventually a committee of experts will be formed to decide upon the problems to be tackled and the methods to be adopted.

The British Trust for Ornithology, which was founded in 1934 at the International Ornithological Congress at Oxford to organise the scientific field-study of British birds, has chosen three birds for its special survey in 1936, namely the Little Owl, Grey Wagtail and Lesser Redpoll, and natural history societies and organisations all over the country will make a point of noting not only the nesting places of these birds, but their food, their local movements, and search their own records and diaries to see how much they have increased or decreased in the district in recent years.

The ornithologists of the Lancashire and Cheshire Fauna Committee, for instance, will cover the North-West of England in this survey, members of the Yorkshire Naturalists' Union the North-East, and so on.

For the grey wagtail the watchers will go mostly to the hills and mountain streams, for this long-tailed bird, with the longest tail of our ten British wagtails, nests in the banks, walls and rocky ledges by the mountain streams, chiefly in the North of England, Scotland, Ireland, Wales, Devon and Cornwall.

For the lesser redpoll, an acrobatic little finch, which, as its name suggests, has a tinge of red to its crown, the watchers will go to the birch woods chiefly. Commoner in Scottish than English woods, but also nesting in Ireland and locally in certain woods of Wales and England, this wee bird, but about two-thirds the size of the sparrow, is the commonest of the six British redpolls, most of which however are known only as winter visitors.

The American Monarch, which traverses the Atlantic annually, is to be specially watched for this year.

The most interesting part of the British Trust for Ornithology's 1936 survey will be its studies of the little owl. Contrary to popular opinion, this will not be largely night work, for unlike most of the thirteen owls on the British list of birds, the little owl may be seen hunting small birds and beetles in broad daylight and I have often disturbed it in the mid-day sunshine from its perch in the hedgerow of some Midland farm.

This little sepia-brown owl spotted with white on its feathers, uttering a wailing cry, like the dog in the nursery tale of the soldier and the tinder-box, has enormously large eyes that stare at you, and stare at you, and keep on staring at you until you either move away or move too near, when the little owl flies away without a sound.

It is about the commonest owl in the Midlands, the South and much of the West, and it is increasing fast annually, pushing its way North and West; it will be Britain's commonest owl of the future.

But Nature never intended the little owl to be a British bird at all. It is really an owl of Spain and the Mediterranean countries that only rarely straggled to this country by natural means.

Then in the middle of last century, a Yorkshire bird-lover brought some home from Italy and released them in his bird sanctuary near Wakefield. They failed to survive.

Later Lord Liford in Northamptonshire and the late Mr. Meadow-Waldo in Kent, released little owls imported from the Continent and these thrived and increased, spreading all over the country.

But the little owl, as well as doing useful work feeding on rats, mice, field-voles, beetles, sparrows and other pests, took to attacking game chicks and songbirds. Hence the need for a survey in 1936 to enable farmers, gamekeepers and naturalists to ascertain its exact strength in the country and its value or harm to us.

The little owl now nests in all English counties from Lancashire and Yorkshire southwards, including the Isle of Wight. From its introduction to Northamptonshire in 1889 and Kent in 1874 it nested in South Wales in 1915, in Cheshire in 1921, Yorkshire, Lancashire and North Wales in 1922, Cornwall in 1923, and even in 1902 it had reached Scotland, though not to nest.

The special nature studies of 1936 are not all confined to birds. With some six hundred special observers scattered all over the British Isles, the Royal Meteorological Society will make a record of the dates when a certain list of flowers bloom in 1936, a selected list of trees come into foliage, of birds coming into song, of summer visitors' arrival and departure dates in various districts, and the times certain butterflies appear, so that these records can be compared with the weather statistics compiled at the observatories and the results plotted on maps of the British Isles specially prepared at South Kensington.

These observers for the R.M.S. survey are called "phenologists" because they are studying phenology, or the science of the relation between wild life and the weather. Their survey will be recorded on special forms which were despatched to them in November last so that observations could be recorded from New Year's Day.

How will these 600 "phenologists" carry out their survey of nature and the weather in Britain?

I am one of them so I can tell you what we will be doing. In March we are looking for the almond blossom, the first honey-bee and frog spawn, and coltsfoot if not yet found.

In April our schedule includes the blooming of the wood-anemone, the blackthorn, the garlic hedge-mustard, the red currant, and the sight of the first acorns on the oak, the first wasp and cabbage-white butterfly, and the coming of the swallow, the cuckoo, the chiffchaff, wheat-

(*Continued on page* 42)

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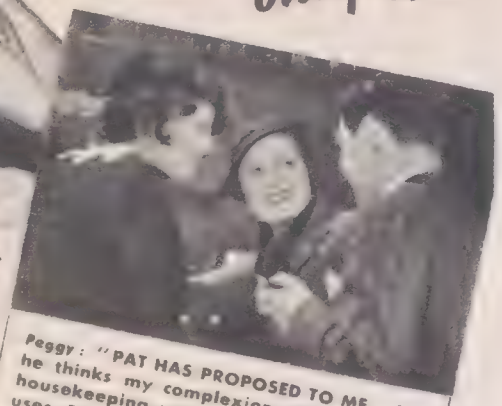

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WHAT PEOPLE SAY

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Mrs. Whitehead, of 38 Kay Street, Middleton, writes :—Last winter I was never without a cold, which at last turned into rheumatism, and I was in bed for weeks. When I started getting up I thought I would try 'ASPRO,' as I had taken them for headaches and they had always banished them. I was not long before I was feeling myself again, and this winter I am glad to say I have never had one cold.

I take two 'ASPRO' tablets every night, and they keep me free from rheumatism and colds. Twelve months ago I thought I would never walk again, and now I am better than ever.

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I feel I must write to thank you for the wonderful relief I get from taking your 'ASPRO.' Having been an invalid for the past 12 months and undergone several operations I have endured great pain and many sleepless nights, but on taking your 'ASPRO' I always obtain almost instant relief.

I shall always have a word of praise to every sufferer for your 'ASPRO.'

Yours sincerely,
J. SHARP (Mrs.).

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5 It brings back to blond hair gone mousy or brown, the rich golden colour of childhood.
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Unless 2 pints of bile juice flow from your liver into your bowels every day, your movements get hard and constipated and your food decays unnaturally in your 28 feet of bowels. This decay sends poison all over your body every six minutes. It makes you gloomy, grouchy and no good for anything.

Your friends smell this decay coming out of your mouth and call it bad breath. Laxatives and mouth washes help, but you must also get at the cause. Take Carters Brand Little Liver Pills. They get those 2 pints of bile flowing freely and then you feel on the "up and up." Ask for Carters Little Liver Pills by name and get what you ask for. 1/3d. and 3/-.

Continuing

STUDYING NATURE *in* 1936

ear, ring-ouzel, wryneck, willow-warbler, and all the earlier migrants.

In May it is the hawthorn, laburnum, bird cherry and horse chestnut blossom, the first song of the nightingale and the coming of the later migrants like fly-catcher, swift, garden warbler, turtle-dove, and red-backed shrike or butcher-bird (so called because it kills more beetles, blue-bottles, little birds and shrews than it needs at once, so it sticks them on the thorns around its nest in a provision "larder").

So we go on through the year with our set subjects to look for, until October finds us watching day by day for the last dates of swallow and martin with us and the coming of the redwing and fieldfare thrushes from Scandinavia and December finds our record-subject, the flowering of the Christmas rose. All these watchings are done voluntarily.

All that seems very easy, but when I tell you looking for the first bee also means making sure it is not a "bee-fly" one has seen, an insect that nature adapted to mimic perfectly the colour of a bee so birds would not eat it, that the first cuckoo one hears may well be a boy imitating the call for a joke, and the starling can imitate the songs of many migrant birds like willow-warbler to perfection, you will realise that not only experience with wild things, but also infinite patience and care are needed to take part in this big survey.

The filled-in "phenological returns" of these honorary watchers for the Royal Meteorological Society are due back in London by November 15th.

Especially during the spring and summer this year, ornithologists will study bird migration by fitting over 50,000 wild birds with numbered aluminium identity rings on their legs, entering the particulars of bird, date and place on a special printed schedule, which at the end of the year is sent to headquarters in London and filed ready for reference when the number of the ring is reported from any part of the world where the bird is recovered.

Most of this bird-ringing will be with nestlings, but many rare adult birds on migration will be harmlessly caught, ringed and released at the bird observtories or ringing stations on Skokham Island, off Pembrokeshire, the Isle of May, in the Firth of Forth, at Christ Church Meadow, Oxford (by the Oxford Ornithological Society) and at Blakeney Point, Norfolk.

In North Lancashire and Lakeland over 5,000 birds will be "ringed" by naturalists, 2,000 of these being terns and gulls on the coastal sanctuaries, some 800 of lapwing plovers, another 800 odd of song thrushes, some 500 each of blackbirds and starlings and probably over 100 each of curlew and wagtails, these chiefly by Dr. H. J. Moon, the Penrith naturalist who has "ringed" more wild birds in this country than any other naturalist, himself marking something like 4,000 each year.

Attacks pests—and chickens. The Little Owl will soon be this country's commonest owl.

In Yorkshire, some 2,000 birds will be ringed by the Bootham School Natural History Society, England's oldest school nature society, over fifty years old. About 3,000 birds will be ringed by the Oxford Ornithological Society and many by the London Natural History Society. Nearly 2,000 birds will be marked in Cheshire, nearly 2,000 in Scotland, over 100 in Hampshire, and some 1,000 or more Welsh gannets.

Studies will not only be concerned with surveys and ringing of birds. For the last few years we have had a private laboratory in Liverpool where we have been studying the diseases of gamebirds—the gapes that causes such loss each year to young pheasants and partridges, coccidiosis amongst partridges and strongylosis so damaging to the grouse coveys on the moors.

Birds from all over the country will come to us again this year and further experiments will be made by us at game coverts and other estates over a wide area in the hopes of perfecting a more thorough cure for these "gamekeepers' nightmares" than hitherto exist.

Animals will be studied in 1936 chiefly by the Oxford University Bureau of Animal Population which, with some 300 special observers scattered about the country each drawing up their own local report at the end of the year.

They keep check on the progress of musk-rats, red squirrels, grey squirrels, brown rats, black rats, field-voles and other creatures, recording their increase or decrease and so, by statistics, hoping to make some scientific forecast of coming "vole plagues" or peak years of mouse abundancy that is so helpful to farmers and others who suffer from the damage of these little things.

Many societies will be studying our country's insects, but especially the Insect Immigration Committee of the South-Eastern Union of Scientific Societies, which, with Hastings its headquarters and Capt. P. Dannreuther its secretary, will carry out a national survey from the Shetlands to the Scillies, of the dates of the arrivals of the many butterflies and moths now known to migrate annually to the British Isles from the Continent and even as far away as the Sahara Desert and North America.

At the lighthouses special watches will be kept and reports of the arrival of immigrant insects—sometimes huge "flocks" of Silver Y Moths are seen flying inland past a lighthouse for hours on end—will be rushed to the committee so observers inland can be warned to keep a look out for their arrival.

Special printed forms and cards for reporting these details are sent to nature-lovers all over the British Isles. In South Wales and South-West England especially, insect-watchers will keep a keen look out for the arrival of the big Monarch or Black-Veined Brown Butterfly, a 4½-inch wing span American butterfly that each of the last three years has migrated across the Atlantic Ocean to the British Isles, even to Lancashire.

On the east and south coast, naturalists and fishermen will help the Ministry of Agriculture search the crabs regularly for arrivals from the Continental coast of the Chinese woolly-clawed or mitten-crab. Now one of Europe's worst pests, this carrier of a human lung disease and damager of commercial fisheries, reached Germany from China in the water-ballast tanks of ships just before the war.

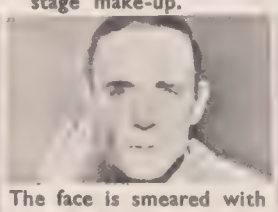
It has so spread on the Continental coast and estuaries that it swarms off Holland, Germany and as far as Sweden. 700,000 were taken out of the river at Hamburg alone in 1931. The first British record was found in a London pipe in water pumped from the Thames, in October, 1935.

As our British crab-fisheries are worth £60,000 a year to England and Wales alone, a close watch will be kept in 1936 to see if this undesirable Chinaman has really crossed the North Sea and established himself at our seasides, or if the Thames Estuary specimen was but an accidental straggler, like the Colorado beetles that a few years ago got ashore at Tilbury but failed to establish themselves.

FROM MAN TO MONSTER

Mr. G. H. Mulcaster, the actor, takes you through the stages of a remarkable metamorphosis from man to monster by stage make-up.

Mr. Mulcaster, ready for the transformation.

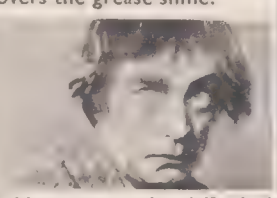


The face is smeared with cream to prevent paint clogging pores.

A flesh-coloured tint is then applied.

A lining pencil draws the furrows and, below, the effect is improved by rubbing.

Next the wig is put on and the powder puff covers the grease shine.



Now comes the difficult business of setting the expression or as actors call it, "getting into the skin of the part." The seven processes completed, behold! the monster.

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Basil Butler

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Swiftly the beautiful Servian girl knelt and taking his bare hand, kissed his fingers.

TRUE LIFE STORIES

Ten guineas for *your* True Life Story if you write it yourself in printable form; two guineas if you send us only a summary. That is "Passing Show's" invitation to readers, made because we believe in the old saying that "Truth is Stranger than Fiction"

SOME years ago, before I was old enough to know any better, I embarked with my friend Grayson on a motor tour of the Balkans. Neither of us is likely to forget the strange happenings of that holiday.

After many minor adventures, in which our car suffered considerably, we reached the village of V——. We arrived in state, our car drawn by a team of oxen, for our engine was helpless in the sea of mud which surrounded the place. Having established ourselves at the one hotel in the village, we decided to rest for a day or two, but our stay was not destined to be the peaceful one for which we hoped.

At breakfast on the first morning there was an uninvited guest at our table, in the person of a very beautiful Servian girl. She was dressed in a strange but intriguing blend of Ruritania and musical comedy, and seemed to take for granted her attachment to our party.

As our knowledge of her language was limited to half a dozen guide-book phrases, we found it difficult to understand why we were thus honoured by her presence. She poured out our coffee and favoured us with a succession of devastating smiles, which added further to the embarrassment of the situation.

There was a German boots at the hotel, and Grayson, who knew a little of the language, approached him for an explanation. After a rapid interchange of Servian with the fair stranger, the boots informed us that she found us both charming and interesting. What was more natural, therefore, than her presence at our table? She liked to be with us, and that was that.

"It must be a custom of the country," observed Grayson, rather moodily.

"Or the fateful fascination you always exercise over the opposite sex," I chaffed him.

We had a ciné-camera with us and were on the look-out for local places of interest worth filming. When we mentioned this to the boots he suggested we should visit a neighbouring café. The wife of the proprietor was an Englishwoman and would be able to discuss local history with us.

When we strolled down the street, the beautiful Servian girl followed uninvited at our heels. She watched us enter the café and took up a position by the door. No word passed between us, but her attitude seemed to say "Have no fear, I will be waiting when you come out."

The café proved to be a very comfortable place, and the proprietor and his wife were most hospitable. He, a Montenegrin, spoke excellent English, as did his "English" wife. Actually she was a Eurasian, her husband having married her in India.

Deep in research for local colour to include in our film, we soon forgot the lady in waiting.

"You should certainly photograph the Death Stone," said the wife.

Women Woo

We pricked up our ears. "What's that?" we asked.

"It is where people die for love," she replied.

"*Used* to, you mean," I said with scepticism surely pardonable.

"No, now, quite often."

"*Now?* When was the last affair?"

"Let me think . . . I believe it was last Wednesday. A girl from Montenegro—quite a stranger here—had been deserted by her lover. He had taken all her money . . . what else could she do?"

We gasped. "You mean, she killed herself? But surely you have some sort of police to stop that sort of thing?"

"Police? Why should they? Surely one's life is one's own?"

We explained that in England one's life was not exactly one's own, and if a disgruntled lover were restrained from proceeding to extremes, time, probably, would bring balm to the most pulverised heart.

"Cold-blooded Englishmen!" was the indignant burden of her reply. Volubly she made us understand that if her husband left her, she would rather die than live so shamed. Apparently, to live in these circumstances was "not done"!

After further discussion of local social customs, we proceeded in the direction of the cliff which frowned on the little township from the South. We found it; a rough and roughly oblong slab of rock, almost black, contrasting strangely with the limestone cliff beyond. Nearly buried in the soil, its exposed flat top measured about twenty feet by fifteen. Ever in the shadow of the towering precipice, at least two hundred feet sheer above, its sombre hue seemed to communicate a chill to the air that perhaps accounted for the prickly sensation in my scalp. There were no blood-stains, but then it's a wet climate out there in winter. I've already mentioned the mud.

"I suppose they kill themselves by jumping down on to this rock; it's not a very difficult mark to hit, even from that height," said Grayson, looking up. But somehow his tone belied the levity of the words.

"Let's try to find a way up to see what it looks like from the top," I said, "and perhaps, too, we may shake off that cursed girl." I have forgotten to say that she had dogged our footsteps all the way from the cafe.

We soon found a rather indefinite path which probably would lead to the top, if practicable. Before tackling it, we made a final attempt to get rid of the girl. Pointing firstly to himself and then to me, Grayson indicated the top of the cliffs. He repeated this performance and she nodded in understanding. So far, so good. Then he pointed to her, and finally towards the town, in what we imagined was the direction of the hotel. He then held his head a little on one side and raised his eyebrows rather like an inquisitive cockatoo. As a silent film test. I think it would have been jolly good.

She merely shook her head.

"Look here, Grayson," I said, "this is getting beyond a joke. I can't stand this shadowing business. Besides, everyone about here must know her. What will they all think? We shall have to be cruel to be kind. Why not insult her or something?"

While we were discussing her, the girl stood by, eyeing us steadfastly. Removing a glove, Grayson stepped towards her and lightly flicked her on one cheek. At the blow she did not flinch—only her colour rose and then drained slowly from her face. Silently she continued to regard Grayson, then swiftly knelt and taking his bare hand, kissed his fingers.

"Come on, let's get on and up," he growled, as he flung away from the still kneeling child—she was scarcely more.

Action relieved the strain, and soon all was forgotten in the exultation of a climb that was really stiff, considering our unsuitable attire; moreover, we were hampered by the cine-camera and other oddments.

Eventually we reached a broad ledge, upon it a fairly well-marked path, backed by a steep scree-covered, boulder-strewn slope. We stood puffing and blowing while looking down on the dark stone now far below.

"*Not* so easy to land right on the spot, I should say," I said. But a heavy pebble thrown over seemed attracted as if by some sort of magnet and shivered to fragments from the very centre of the Stone.

The unexpected sound of a footfall in that lonely place recalled us from morbid contemplation of the depths. There, coming towards us along the edge of the height, was the girl. Evidently there was an easy way up.

"This is too much of a good thing," I said. "Let's get away now, and come back later to shoot our film." We turned and strode past the girl, striving to match the immobility of her face and to forget our futile fall from chivalry a few minutes before.

We had covered but a few yards when we heard the movement of a few pebbles; then what might have been the birth of a zephyr, developing quickly in intensity, yet receding . . . a dull crash . . . silence.

We looked back. The girl was not in sight.

With eyes that sought not to accuse, yet feared accusation, Grayson and I faced one another. With fear that strangled words still-born, with one accord we turned from that accursed edge and ran blindly. The track led towards the town; nearing our hotel we dropped to a pace still fast, but not so hurried as to attract attention, we hoped. We wondered if the girl had relatives, or if the police would take action.

Steadying as well as I might the ague that shook my limbs and voice, I asked for our bill, while Grayson got our kit on board and drove the car from the yard. The bill came to rather more than expected but feeling unequal to exacting in dumb-show the explanation of a mysterious item of a hundred dinars, I paid without demur.

So we bumped away; unfortunately, our route to the coast led in the direction of the Death Stone. I drove in silence, until there was a strangled cry from Grayson.

"Look!"

There, calmly stepping towards the little town, not a hair of her head displaced, was the girl. We fancied she smiled.

Evidently there was an easier way down, too!

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You're Telling Us!

MY DARLING EDITOR," begins the longest letter we ever received—say 4,000 words single-spaced on foolscap paper and typed with kittens in the lap—"may I be added to your list of anonymous correspondents and be simply 'rather lovely Mrs. B. of Alexandria' (for why should I ask to be *just plain Mrs. B?*). And can any of your readers tell me the correct behaviour for a lady when arriving on board a battleship? We were invited to dine one night, and when I had got to the top of the gangway ready to step on the quarterdeck, there was a long row of Jacks all lined up at stiff salute. I did want to dance a hornpipe to show my appreciation—it seemed a shame to walk past and pretend not to notice them, as they looked so very nice. But my husband said I'd only look like a Bateman drawing, and I'd better walk on." Nevertheless, beautiful Mrs. B., you need not have smothered your generous impulse.

YOUR HUSBAND WAS MERELY JEALOUS, we diagnose. You should have danced the hornpipe, kissed the captain, and hung up your hat on the ducksy-wucksy gunsy-wunsies. Our authority is indeed not Battleships, Conduct On, Admiralty Manual of, but is derived from several films depicting a life on the studiocean wave. And we are very sorry that, although we gave up our lunch hour to reading your letter, there is not space enough to print the rest of it, in re cats, blackmail, baths, Egypt, broadcasting, and flies. But we have not fully solved our Near East Problem. Edmund W. Jupp of Iraq has quit holding his nose to debunk Bagdad, Baghdad, or Bagfather. "The greater part of the population are indescribably filthy, the 'picturesque' scenes of people with overloaded asses only fill one with pity . . . in the older parts of the city filth abounds, while in the newer parts wide tarmac roads with street lighting dispel any hope of Sinbad-ish sentiments. In the desert. . . . the mud and slosh gradually convert shoes into mudpies and trousers into stalagmites.

IF IT'S ROMANCE you're seeking," he snarls in conclusion, "try the magic of England, the gaiety of France, or the idleness of Spain, but whatever you do, don't waste time trying to find it in Bagdad. . . ." The place must have gone back since the days of Haroun al Raschid, Commander of the Faithful, Protector of the Poor, who definitely never got his trousers muddy and who remains our favourite character in history if only for the merry laugh with which he had a head lopped off. From Arabian Nights to Lancashire Days is a poor test of our readers' versatility, and we crave silence for Mrs. Jonathan Lee of Morecambe: "I met a child of twelve—she was simply howling and I was simply agonised. She told me that her mother had sent her shopping with a shilling, that she had lost the shilling, and daren't go home without it. I gave her a shilling and away she sped blithely. Now every night when I venture out I am assailed by howling children who have lost shillings." Never mind, Mrs. Lee, stick it out and the market will fall. Presently you will be assailed by gently weeping children who have lost only threepence.

I'M DESCENDED FROM the French Huguenots," announces Charles Joynt of Stalybridge. "My ancestors, at least some of them, were fortunate in making their escape from France . . . . They came to Ireland and found refuge there. That was at a time when Ireland had kings of her own. In point of fact, one of my forbears became one of the Irish kings. His name was Brian Boru. On my father's side I am directly descended from him. He was noted for his sense of humour. Originally our family name was de Joynt. In more modern times, however, we dropped the 'de.' We seem, in fact, to have dropped quite a few things. First it was our troublesome country, then our anchor off Irish shores, then our humble status as commoners, to be followed in turn by the later shedding of royal responsibilities, and finally the French 'de' from our name." Well, Mr. Joynt, we can't compete. Our ancestors were all killed at the Battle of Hastings, and where we ourselves popped up from we can't imagine. Thence to trousers. Mrs. Bishop, of Keston in Kent, is interested in the striped pair worn weekly by A. C. Barrett's Man on the humour pages of PASSING SHOW.

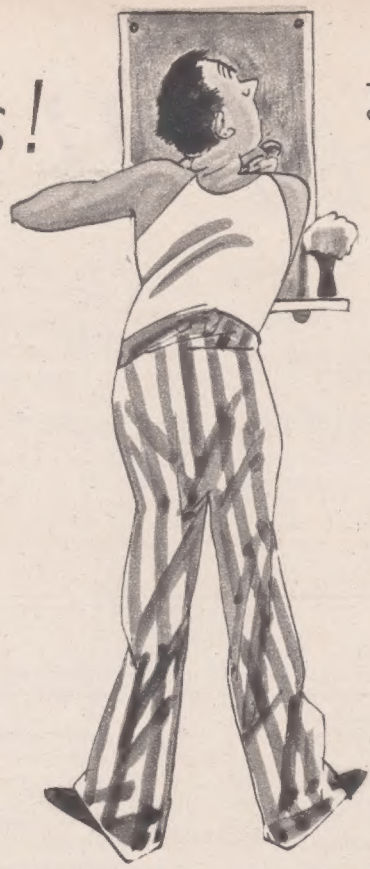
DOES HE HAVE SEVERAL PAIRS of striped trousers?" she wants to know, "or does he always wear the same pair? If this is the case, could you give me the name of the firm he buys them from? My husband is a farm labourer and gets through no end of trousers. A pair that would last twelve months would be a godsend." Our Mr. Barrett's Man's striped pair would soon look like the best Nottingham lace if applied to agriculture, but we ourselves for digging and delving had a pair made of stout canvas. They consist of two funnels merging into a single wide section at the top. When we have been hoisted out of them they can be stood upright in a corner or used to support a small table-top. They're nigh on eight years old now, and blend well with the landscape. Talking of trousers reminds us of Scotsmen, who don't wear any, and brings us to Mr. Alastair Bouik of Isleworth in Middlesex. After ticking us off in his superior Scottish way about an error we made concerning a Sgian Dubh, which should always be worn in the right leg stocking top, he rejoices: "I do not see any of those silly 'Scotch' jokes in your pages . . .

IF ENGLISHMEN KNEW how silly and vapid the 'Scotch' joke appears to the real Scot they would think twice before they crack one. I think it a great pity that the average Englishman knows so little of the real Scotland. We do other things besides distilling whisky and blowing bagpipes. Our coldness of nature is more apparent than real. Any English girl married to a Scot will tell you that he makes a fine husband, in the majority of cases. We marry only where we love, and love only where we marry. Well, here is good luck and 'Oidche mhath leibh'." That doesn't sound too good to us, and bang goes ten and saxpence into the bargain. Will anybody tell us just how rude Mr. Bouik is being with his Pictish tongue-twisters? Or does it mean "With best wishes I remain Yours ffly"? Please let's be friends, Mr. Bouik. We've all got to live on the same island. This includes our Uncle Joe and C. V. Cleaton, of Rugby, where the footballs come from, with whom we drop a tear over the way our hair grows and our mutual dislike of having it cut.

WE HEAR A LOT about stuff to make the hair grow, but the man with plenty doesn't want it to grow," he points out. "Who hasn't had the experience of being beaten by three seconds to the saloon door, and then having to wait thirty minutes while the man in the chair, with nothing particular to do and a lot of time to do it in, has a haircut, singe, shampoo, shave, and anything else he can think of? And then there is the daily removal of the whiskers, which grow all the more quickly afterwards. What is urgently needed is a *slow*-grower mixture, and the person who invented it would make a fortune."

FAILING THAT, a dumb barber would do to go on with.

Half a guinea is paid for each letter or quotation printed. Address: "Readers' Letters," "Passing Show," 31 Bow Street, London, W.C.2. Please state whether Mr., Mrs. or Miss.



The daily removal of the whiskers

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Solution Next Week

CLUES ACROSS

1. Mean for a conclusion.
5. His loop slowly hides the vessels.
9. Not the whole of a part.
12. Between you and your rich uncle, if you possess one.
14. Obvious ruse for practitioner.
15. A minion gait, probably only a hallucination.
18. Develop 43 into a Scottish river.
19. Of such stuff some films are made.
20. Whirls here.
22. Capacity for eating.
25. This mistake ends with an alternative.
27. Dire science (anagram).
29. Half note.
30. Errant Israelites bowed to this pagan deity.
31. Anserine birds.
33. May be for better or worse.
34. Separate.
35. Herb wise.
37. Two-thirds of 5 down.
38. Otherwise vile.
41. In the park or in the sea you may find this.
42. A collation is for set place.
44. Geometrical figure.
45. As part becomes important in Persia.
46. A sorrowful conclusion.

CLUES DOWN

1. This we do matutinally.
2. Keeps in remembrance.
3. Boot nail era (anagram).
4. Such a steed may try one.
5. Take the 38 out of sincerity.
6. Love as staple diet.
7. A double-barrelled preposition.
8. This may be sinister.
9. A stare may bloom here.
10. Take the sensible portion out of a form of disloyalty.
11. Attempt.
13. Excessively cautious.
16. Departs from the usual.
17. For ladies, your 12 to your uncle.
21. With mustard possibly.
23. The noiseless state.
24. Containers.
26. Formerly used on miscreants.
28. Half a score in retrospect.
30. 24 may cross this.
32. Nears gains something.
34. A tomb of stone slabs.
36. Do this to get to places.
39. This you'll find in deviation.
40. A hint, not necessarily reliable.
43. Thank you from the baby.

G	L	A	N	C	E		P	A		S	C	A	R	E
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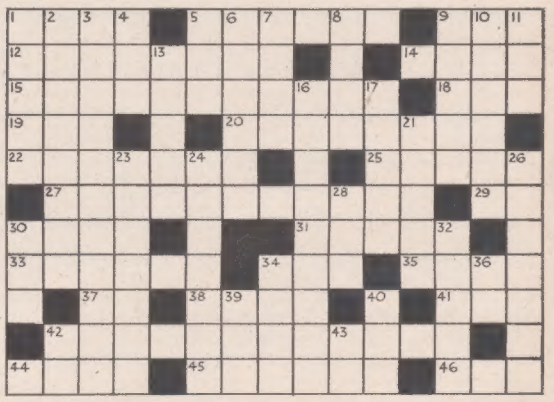
Solution to last week's puzzle



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WHY DO YOU SUFFER SO LONG?

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GOOD NEWS FOR YOU

Do not lose heart even if you have suffered for years. Your trouble is not hopeless because ointments, tablets, and plaisters and other so-called remedies have failed, after years of trial, to end your suffering. These things fail because they are not suited to your needs.
It does not matter how long you have suffered, the National Infirmary Treatment cures in long-standing cases and in those of shorter duration. Every symptom and underlying cause of your leg trouble is treated to bring about a speedy cure. Long-standing troubles that have caused years of agony have been cured in a few weeks by the National Infirmary. Just as others have been cured, so can you. Don't despair even if you have suffered half a lifetime. Send in for full particulars of the Treatment at once. You can have them without any obligation.

LEG ULCERS—AND THEIR CURE

Ulcers often start from a knock or a scratch. The hurt, instead of healing, becomes inflamed and painful. Pus forms which poisons skin and connective tissue, which quickly become unhealthy and break down. The wound geta bigger, more inflamed, and more painful. Often the pain is like a knife or hot needles in the leg. Sufferers do not know what is best to do; resting does not give any relief—sleep is impossible. Ordinary remedies are useless. Stock ointments are simply a waste of time and money. To cure these painful, inflamed traumatic ulcers, proper individual treatment is a necessity.
With Varicose veins in the leg ulcers frequently break out without any injury at all. A small black speck appears on the skin. It is a small clot of unhealthy blood thrown out by the capillary veins. As the clot comes away, a hole, only the size of a pin-head, is left in the skin. It is not to be ignored as a trifling matter. If neglected that small wound will rapidly become the size of a two shilling piece or even the size of the hand. These blood clots show unhealthy blood, weak veins, bad circulation, congested tissues, all of which prevent normal healing from taking place. One preparation cannot heal all these different disease conditions. Thorough Treatment to clear the blood, restore the veins, improve the circulation, and disperse the congestion is what you need. Write to the National Infirmary at once, and have the Book without delay.

IF YOU SUFFER FROM PSORIASIS—

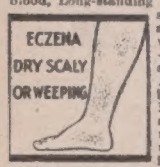
You must attack the trouble at once. This stubborn disease quickly becomes rooted in the system. Large disfiguring patches of redness and scales break out and cause great distress. Those white thin scales on the red patches get thicker, encrusted and yellow. Soon the trouble is chronic and you may suffer for years. A splendid treatment has been evolved for this distressing malady of Psoriasis. This Treatment is giving unbounded satisfaction to hundreds of present and former sufferers. The results are, indeed, most gratifying. Many stubborn cases which have defied all efforts for years have yielded to Tremol Treatment, and a healthy skin has been obtained by the sufferer from its use.
This powerful treatment, specially prescribed for you, clears the scalp of unsightly scale and scurf and pimples; clears the skin of scale and redness. The Psoriasis spots and patches fade away and a new, clean, healthy skin is obtained. The treatment is easy to use, and is applied in the privacy of your own home. Send for full particulars of this excellent treatment without delay.

VARICOSE VEINS AND PAINFUL LEGS

The dangers from Varicose Veins are Phlebitis, Varicose Ulcers, Thrombosis, Eczema, Rupture of the Vein Walls and Haemorrhage.
Perhaps you have a constant heaviness and aching in your legs. Sometimes actual pain is experienced and the legs feel tired and uncomfortable. These symptoms show that your legs require thorough and proper treatment now. Your leg trouble arises from faulty blood circulation. Under Tremol Treatment the vein walls become toned up and strengthened, the blood circulation is improved, venous congestion passes away and such symptoms of varicosity as dull aching pain, tiredness, heaviness of the legs, varicose swelling are relieved and cured. *Get the free Illustrated Book now. Fill in the Coupon to-day, and send it to-day to the National Infirmary, Gt. Clowes Street, Manchester.*
If you suffer you should have advice from the Infirmary at once.

DO YOU SUFFER FROM ECZEMA?

This is the most common disease of the skin. Any part may be affected and the trouble may arise in many ways. Blood Impurities. Germ infection, Food poisoning, Over-heated blood, Long-standing Varicose Veins, Mental worry and shock are some of the causes of this distressing skin disease. Drugs—as with chemical workers, Starch—as with bakers, Plants—as with gardeners, irritate sensitive skins and also set an Eczema condition. At the onset the skin becomes red, inflamed, congested, and terribly itchy. Fluid escapes through the pores, dries and forms scales, which then again block up the pores. More fluid accumulates under dead scales, and there is more inflammation and more itchiness. If you suffer you feel you could "tear the skin to pieces" to get relief. But at what a terrible cost. You know you must not scratch, but to have the itchiness and irritation and leave it alone is more than you can bear. You can be rid of this distress. Your relief is here at hand. Send for full particulars of the National Infirmary's Treatment.



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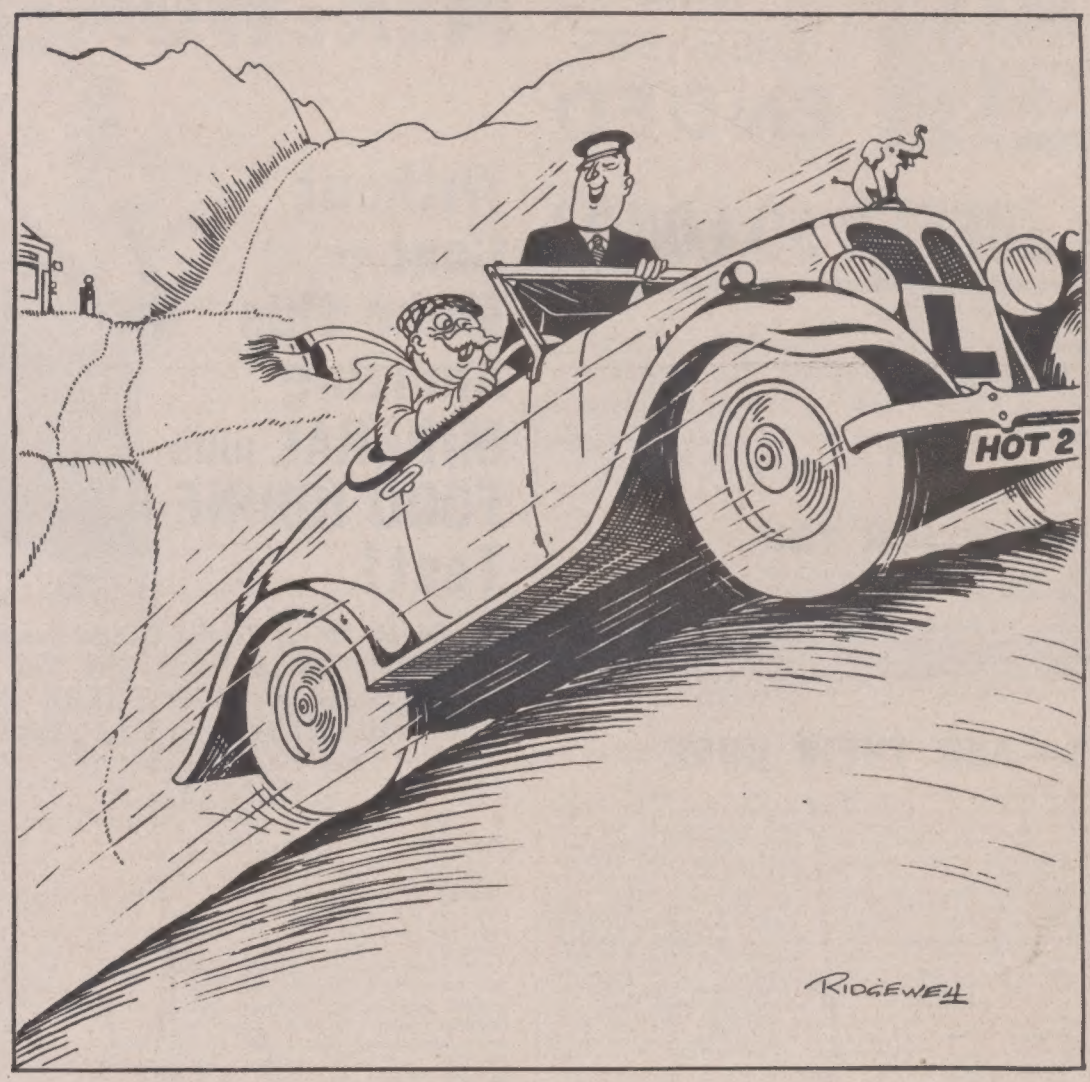

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